THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILL. CONGREVE.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

——————Minuentur atræ
Carmine curæ.—————— HOR.

O that your brows my laurel had ſuſtain'd!
Well had I been depos'd if you had reign'd.
The father had deſcended for the ſon,
For only you are lineal to the throne——
Yet this I propheſy, Thou ſhalt be ſeen
(Tho' with ſome ſhort parentheſis between)
High on the throne of Wit; and, ſeated there,
Not mine, that 's little, but thy laurel wear——
This is your portion, this your native ſtore;
Heav'n, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakeſpeare gave as much, ſhe could not give him more.

DRYDEN TO CONGREVE.

Bell's *ſecond edition.*

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1784.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

CONTAINING HIS

EPISTLES,
IRREGULAR ODES,
PINDARICK ODES,
PASTORALS,
ELEGIES, SONGS,
PROLOGUES,
EPILOGUES,
MISCELLANIES,
IMITATIONS,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

On you, from Fate, a lavifh portion fell
In ev'ry way of writing to excel.
Your Mufe applaufe to Arabella brings,
In notes as fweet as Arabella fings.
Whene'er you draw an undiffembled wo,
With fweet diftrefs your rural numbers flow.
Paftora 's the complaint of ev'ry fwain,
Paftora ftill the echo of the plain!
Or if your Mufe defcribe, with warming force,
The wounded Frenchman falling from his horfe,
And her own William, glorious in the ftrife,
Beftowing on the proftrate foe his life,
You the great act as gen'roufly rehearfe,
And all the Englifh fury 's in your verfe.

SIR R. STEELE TO CONGREVE.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Prefs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1784.

THE LIFE OF

WILLIAM CONGREVE, ESQ.

This gentleman was descended from the ancient house of Congreve in Staffordshire, but authors differ as to the place of his birth: some contend that he was born in Ireland *, others that he drew his first breath at the village of Bardsa, near Leeds in Yorkshire, which was the estate of a near relation of his by his mother's side. Mr. Jacob, in his preface to The Lives of the Poets, has informed us, that he had the advice and assistance of Mr. Congreve in that work, who communicated to him many particulars of the lives of cotemporary writers, as well as of himself; and as Mr. Congreve can hardly be thought ignorant of the place of his own birth, and Mr. Jacob has asserted it to be in England, no room is left to doubt of it. The learned antiquary of Ireland, Sir James Ware, has reckoned our Author amongst his own country Worthies, from the relation of Southern; but Mr. Congreve's own account, if Jacob may be relied on, is more than equal to that of Southern, who possibly might be mistaken.

About the year 1671 or 1672, our Author was born, and his father carried him, when a child, into Ireland, where he then had a command in the army, but afterwards was entrusted with the management of a considerable estate belonging to the noble family

* General Dictionary.

of Burlington, which fixed his refidence there*. Mr. Congreve received the firft tincture of letters in the great fchool of Kilkenny, and, according to common report, gave early proofs of a poetical genius. His firft attempt in poetry was a copy of verfes on the death of his mafter's magpie.

He went from the fchool of Kilkenny to the univerfity of Dublin, where, under the direction of Dr. George Afhe, he acquired a general knowledge of the Clafficks. His father, who was defirous that his ftudies fhould be directed to a profitable employment, fent him over to England a little after the Revolution, and placed him as a ftudent in the Middle Temple: but the fevere ftudy of the law was fo ill-adapted to the fprightly genius of Congreve, that he never attempted to reconcile himfelf to a way of life for which he had the greateft averfion. But however he difappointed his friends with refpect to the proficiency they expected him to make in the law, yet it is certain he was not negligent in thofe ftudies to which his genius led him.

Mr. Congreve's firft performance, written when but a youth of feventeen, was a novel, dedicated to Mrs. Katherine Levefon, which gave proof not only of a great vivacity of wit, but alfo a fluency of ftyle, and a folid judgment. He was confcious that young men in their early productions generally aimed at a florid ftyle and enthufiaftick defcriptions, without any regard to

* Wilfon's Memoirs of Congreve.

the plot, fable, or ſubſerviency of the parts; for this reaſon he formed a new model, and gave an example how works of that kind ſhould be written. He purſued a regular plan, obſerved a general moral, and carried on a connexion, as well as diſtinction, between his characters.

This performance is entitled Incognita; or, Love and Duty Reconciled. It has been aſſerted that this is a real hiſtory, and, though the ſcene is laid in Italy, the adventures happened in England. It is not our buſineſs to enter into the ſecret hiſtory of this entertaining piece, or to attempt giving the reader a key to what the writer took ſo much pains to conceal. It appears from this piece that Mr. Congreve aimed at perfection from the very beginning, and his deſign in writing this novel was to ſhew how novels ought to be written. Let us hear what he ſays himſelf, and from thence we ſhall entertain a higher opinion of his abilities than could poſſibly be raiſed by the warmeſt commendations. After very judiciouſly obſerving that there is the ſame relation between romances and novels, as between tragedy and comedy, he proceeds thus: "Since all traditions muſt indiſputably give "place to the drama, and ſince there is no poſſibility "of giving that life to the writing or repetition of a "ſtory which it has in the action, I reſolved in an-"other beauty to imitate dramatick writing, namely, "in the deſign, contexture, and reſult, in the plot. I

"have not obferved it before in a novel. Some I have "feen begin with an unexpected accident, which has "been the only furprifing part of the ftory, caufe "enough to make the fequel look flat, tedious, and "infipid; for it is but reafonable the reader fhould "expect if not to rife, at leaft to keep upon a level "in the entertainment, for fo he may be kept on in "hopes that fometime or other it may mend; but "the other is fuch a baulk to a man, it is carrying "him up ftairs to fhew him the dining-room, and af- "terwards force him to make a meal in the kitchen. "This I have not only endeavoured to avoid, but "alfo have ufed a method for the contrary purpofe. "The defign of this novel is obvious; after the firft "meeting of Aurelian and Hippolito with Incognita "and Leonora, the difficulty is in bringing it to pafs, "maugre all apparent obftacles, within the com- "pafs of two days. How many probable cafualties "intervene in oppofition to the main defign, *viz.* of "marrying two couple fo oddly engaged in an intri- "cate amour, I leave the reader at his leifure to con- "fider; as alfo whether every obftacle does not, in "the progrefs of the ftory, act as fubfervient to that "purpofe, which at firft it feems to oppofe. In a co- "medy this would be called the Unity of action; here "it may pretend to no more than an unity of con- "trivance. The fcene is continued in Florence from

"the commencement of the amour, and the time "from first to last is but three days."

Soon after Mr. Congreve's return to England, he amused himself, during a slow recovery from a fit of sickness, with writing a comedy. Captain Southern, in conjunction with Mr. Dryden and Arthur Manwayring, Esq. revised this performance, which was The Old Bachelor; of which Mr. Dryden said, he never saw such a first play in his life; adding, that the Author, not being acquainted with the Stage or the Town, it would be a pity to have it miscarry for want of a little assistance. Mr. Thomas Davenant, who had then the direction of the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, had so high a sense of the merit of the piece, and was so charmed with the Author's conversation, that he granted him the freedom of the House before his play came on, which, according to the maxims of theatrical government, was not only an unusual but an unprecedented favour. In 1693 The Old Bachelor was acted before a numerous and polite audience. The play was received with such general applause, that Mr. Congreve was then considered as a prop to the declining stage, and a rising genius in dramatick poetry. It was this play, and the singular success which attended it upon the stage, that introduced our Author to the acquaintance of the Earl of Halifax, who was then the professed patron of men of wit; and who being desirous to raise a man of so promising

a genius above the neceſſity of too haſty productions, made him one of the Commiſſioners for licenſing Hackney coaches. The Earl beſtowed upon him ſoon after, a place in the Pipe-office, and gave him likewiſe a poſt in the Cuſtomhouſe to the value of 600*l. per annum*.

In the following year Mr. Congreve brought upon the ſtage The Double Dealer, which met not with ſo good a reception as the former.

Mr. Congreve has informed us, in the Dedication of this play to Charles Montague, Eſq. that he was very aſſiduous to learn from the Criticks what objections could be found to it; but, ſays he, "I have heard "nothing to provoke an anſwer. That which looks "moſt like an objection does not relate in particular "to this play, but to all or moſt that ever have been "written, and that is ſoliloquy; therefore I will an-"ſwer it not only for my own ſake, but to ſave others "the trouble to whom it may be hereafter objected. "I grant, that for a man to talk to himſelf appears "abſurd and unnatural, and indeed it is ſo in moſt "caſes; but the circumſtances which may attend the "occaſion makes great alteration. It often happens "to a man to have deſigns which require him to him-"ſelf, and in their nature cannot admit of a confi-"dant: ſuch, for certain, is all villany; and other leſs "miſchievous intentions may be very improper to be "communicated to a ſecond perſon. In ſuch a caſe,

"therefore, the audience muſt obſerve whether the "perſon upon the ſtage takes any notice of them at "all or no; for if he ſuppoſes any one to be by when "he talks to himſelf *, it is monſtrous and ridiculous "to the laſt degree; nay, not only in this caſe, but "in any part of a play, if there is expreſſed any "knowledge of an audience, it is inſufferable: but "otherwiſe, when a man in a ſoliloquy reaſons with "himſelf, and *pro's* and *con's*, and weighs all his de-"ſigns, we ought not to imagine that this man either "talks to us or to himſelf; he is only thinking, and "thinking ſuch matter as it were inexcuſable folly "in him to ſpeak. But becauſe we are concealed "ſpectators of the plot in agitation, and the poet "finds it neceſſary to let us know the whole myſtery "of his contrivance, he is willing to inform us of this "perſon's thoughts, and to that end is forced to make "uſe of the expedient of ſpeech; no other or better "way being yet invented for the communication of "thought."

Towards the cloſe of the ſame year Queen Mary died: upon that occaſion Mr. Congreve produced an Elegiack Paſtoral, a compoſition which the admirers of this Poet have extolled in the moſt laviſh terms of admiration.

* Yet Maſkwell purpoſely talks to himſelf, deſigning to be overheard by Lord Touchwood; undoubtedly an errour in the conduct, and want of art in the Author. This he ſeems here to forget, or would not remember it.

When Mr. Betterton opened the New-House at Lincoln's-Inn, Congreve took part with him, and gave him his celebrated comedy of Love for Love, then introduced upon the stage with the most extraordinary success. This comedy, with some more of our Author's, was smartly criticised by the ingenious Mr. Collier, as containing lessons of immorality, and a representation of loose characters, which can never, in his opinion, appear on a stage without corrupting the audience.

Messrs. Congreve, Dennis, and Dryden, engaged in a vigorous defence of the English stage, and endeavoured to shew the necessity of such characters being introduced, in order to be exposed and laughed at. To all their defences Mr. Collier replied, and managed the point with so much learning, wit, and keenness, that in the opinion of many he had the better of his antagonists, especially Mr. Congreve, whose comedies, it must be owned, though they are admirably written, and the characters strongly marked, are so loose that they have given great offence; and surely we pay too dear for pleasure when we have it at the expense of morality.

The same year he distinguished himself in another kind of poetry, *viz.* an Irregular Ode on the taking Namure, which the Criticks have allowed to contain fine sentiments gracefully expressed. His reputation as a comick poet being sufficiently established, he was

desirous of extending his fame by producing a tragedy. It has been alleged that some, who were jealous of his growing reputation, put him upon this task, in order, as they imagined, to diminish it; for he seemed to be of too gay and lively a disposition for tragedy, and in all likelihood would miscarry in the attempt. However,

In 1697, after the expectation of the Town had been much raised, The Mourning Bride appeared on the New Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Few plays ever excited so great an ardour of expectation as this, and very few ever succeeded to such an extravagant degree. There is something new in the management of the plot: after moving the passions of the audience to the greatest commiseration, he brings off his principal characters, punishes the guilty, and makes the play conclude happily.

The controversy we have just now mentioned was thought to have occasioned a dislike in Mr. Congreve towards the stage; yet he afterwards produced another comedy, called The Way of the World, which was so just a picture of the world, that, as an author prettily says, *The World could not bear it.*

The reception this play met with completed our Author's disgust to the theatre; upon which Mr. Dennis, who was a warm friend to Congreve, made this fine observation, "That Mr. Congreve quitted "the stage early, and that Comedy left it with him."

It is ſaid, that when Congreve found his play met with but indifferent ſucceſs, he came in a paſſion on the ſtage, and deſired the audience to ſave themſelves the trouble of ſhewing their diſlike, for he never intended to write again for the theatre, nor ſubmit his works to the cenſure of impotent criticks. In this particular he kept his word with them; and, as if he had foreſeen the fate of his play, he took an ample revenge, in his Epilogue, of the race of little ſnarlers, who, excited by envy, and ſupported by falſe ideas of their own importance, dared to conſtitute themſelves judges of wit without any juſt pretenſions to it. This play has long ago triumphed over its enemies, and is now in great eſteem amongſt the beſt judges of theatrical entertainments.

Though Mr. Congreve quitted the ſtage, yet did not he give up the cauſe of poetry; for on the death of the Marquis of Blandford, the only ſon of the Duke of Marlborough, which happened in 1705, we find him compoſing a Paſtoral to ſoften the grief of that illuſtrious family, which he addreſſed to the Lord Treaſurer Godolphin.

About the ſame time the extraordinary ſucceſs of the Duke of Marlborough's arms furniſhed him with materials for an Ode to Queen Anne. In another Pindarick Ode he celebrates the Lord Godolphin, taking occaſion, from that nobleman's delight in horſe-racing, to imitate the Greek poet in his favourite man-

ner of writing by an elegant digreſſion, to which he added a criticiſm on that ſpecies of poetry.

As in the early part of his life Mr. Congreve had received favours from people of a leſs exalted ſtation, ſo of theſe he was highly ſenſible, and never let ſlip any opportunity of ſhewing his gratitude. He wrote an Epilogue to his old friend Southern's Tragedy of Oroonoko; and Mr. Dryden has acknowledged his aſſiſtance in the tranſlation of Virgil. He contributed, by his verſion of the eleventh Satire of Juvenal to the tranſlation of that poet, publiſhed alſo by Mr. Dryden, to whom Mr. Congreve wrote a copy of verſes on his tranſlation of Perſius. He wrote, likewiſe, a Prologue for a play of Mr. Charles Dryden's, full of kindneſs for that young gentleman, and of reſpect for his father.

But the nobleſt teſtimony he gave of his filial regard to the memory of his poetical father, Mr. John Dryden, was the Panegyrick he wrote upon his works, contained in the Dedication of Dryden's Plays to the Duke of Newcaſtle.

Mr. Congreve tranſlated the third book of Ovid's Art of Love, and ſome favourite paſſages from the Iliad.

The author of the elegant Letters not long ago publiſhed under the name of Fitzoſborne, has taken ſome pains to ſet before his readers the verſion of thoſe parts of Homer tranſlated by our Author, and t...

famb passages by Pope and Tickell, in which comparison the palm is very deservedly yielded to Pope.

Our Author wrote a satire called Doris, celebrated by Sir Richard Steele, who was a warm friend to Mr. Congreve: he also wrote The Judgment of Paris, a Mask, and the Opera of Semele; of these the former was acted with great applause, and the latter is finely set to musick by Mr. Eccles. The last of his poetical works is his Art of Pleasing, addressed to Sir Richard Temple, the late Viscount Cobham. He has written many prose epistles, dispersed in the works of other writers, and his Essay on Humour in Comedy, published in a collection of Dennis's Letters, is an entertaining and correct piece of criticism. All his other letters are written with a great deal of wit and spirit, a fine flow of language, and are so happily intermixed with a lively and inoffensive raillery, that it is impossible not to be pleased with them at the first reading: we may be satisfied from the perusal of them, that his conversation must have been very engaging, and therefore we need not wonder that he was caressed by the greatest men of his time, or that they courted his friendship by every act of kindness in their power.

It is said of Mr. Congreve, that he was a particular favourite with the ladies, some of whom were of the first distinction. He indulged none of those reveries and affected absences so peculiar to men of wit: he

was sprightly as well as elegant in his manner, and so much the favourite of Henrietta Dutchess of Marlborough, that even after his death she caused an image of him to be every day placed at her toilet-table, to which she would talk, as to the living Mr. Congreve, with all the freedom of the most polite and unreserved conversation. Mrs. Bracegirdle, likewise, had the highest veneration for our Author, and joined with her Grace in a boundless profusion of sorrow upon his death. Some think he had made a better figure in his last will, had he remembered the friendship he professed for Mrs. Bracegirdle, whose admirable performance added spirit to his dramatick pieces; but he forgot her, and gratified his vanity, by chusing to make a rich Dutchess his sole legatee and executrix.

Mr. Congreve was the son of Fortune as well as of the Muses. He was early preferred to an affluent situation, and no change of ministry ever affected him, nor was he ever removed from any post he enjoyed, except to a better.

His place in the Customhouse, and his office of Secretary in Jamaica, are said to have brought him in upwards of 1200 *l.* a-year: and he was so far an economist as to raise from thence a competent estate. No man of his learning ever passed through life with more ease or less envy; and as in the dawn of his reputation he was very dear to the greatest wits of his time, so during his whole life he preserved the utmost re-

ſpect of, and received continual marks of eſteem from, men of genius and letters, without ever being involved in any of their quarrels, or drawing upon himſelf the leaſt mark of diſtaſte, or even diſſatisfaction. The greateſt part of the laſt twenty years of his life were ſpent in eaſe and retirement, and he gave himſelf no trouble about reputation. When the celebrated Voltaire was in England, he waited upon Congreve, and paſſed ſome compliments upon him as to the reputation and merit of his Works; Congreve thanked him, but at the ſame time told that ingenious foreigner he did not chuſe to be conſidered as an Author, but only as a private Gentleman, and in that light expected to be viſited. Voltaire anſwered, "That if he had never "been any thing but a private gentleman, in all pro"bability he had never been troubled with that viſit."

Mr. Voltaire, upon this occaſion, obſerves, that he was not a little diſguſted with ſo unſeaſonable a piece of vanity:—this was indeed the higheſt inſtance of it that perhaps can be produced. A man who owed to his wit and writings the reputation as well as the fortune he acquired, pretending to diveſt himſelf of human nature to ſuch a degree as to have no conſciouſneſs of his own merit, was the moſt abſurd piece of vanity that ever entered into the heart of man; and of all vanity that is the greateſt which maſks itſelf under the appearance of the oppoſite quality.

Towards the cloſe of his life he was much troubled

with the gout, and for this reafon, in the fummer of the year 1728, he made a tour to Bath, for the benefit of the waters, where he had the misfortune to be overturned in his chariot, from which time he complained of a pain in his fide, which was fuppofed to arife from fome inward bruife. Upon his return to London he perceived his health gradually decline, which he bore with fortitude and refignation.

On January the 19th 1728-9, he yielded his laft breath, about five o'clock in the morning, at his houfe in Surrey-ftreet in the Strand, in the 57th year of his age. On the Sunday following, January 26, his corpfe lay in ftate in the Jerufalem-Chamber, from whence, the fame evening, between the hours of nine and ten, it was carried with great decency and folemnity to Henry the VIIth's Chapel; and after the funeral fervice was performed, it was interred in the Abbey. The pall was fupported by the Duke of Bridgewater, Earl of Godolphin, Lord Cobham, Lord Wilmington, the Hon. George Berkley, Efq. and Brigadier-general Churchill, and Colonel Congreve followed his corpfe as chief mourner. Some time after a neat and elegant monument was erected to his memory by Henrietta Dutchefs of Marlborough, with this infcription, "Mr. William Congreve died Jan. 19. 1728, aged "fifty-fix, and was buried near this place; to whofe "moft valuable memory this monument is fet up "by Henrietta Dutchefs of Marlborough, as a mark

"how dearly she remembers the happiness and ho-
"nour she enjoyed in the sincere friendship of so
"worthy and honest a man, whose virtue, candour,
"and wit, gained him the love and esteem of the
"present age, and whose writings will be the admi-
"ration of the future."

Mr. Congreve's reputation is so extensive, and his Works so generally read, that any specimen of his poetry may be deemed superfluous.

We shall conclude the life of this eminent wit with the testimony of Mr. Pope in his favour, from the close of his Postscript to the translation of Homer: it is in every respect so honourable, that it would be injurious to Mr. Congreve to omit it.—His words are —"Instead of endeavouring to raise a vain monu-
"ment to myself, let me leave behind me a memo-
"rial of my friendship with one of the most valuable
"men, as well as the finest writers, of my age and
"country: one who has tried, and knows by his own
"experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do
"justice to Homer, and one who I am sure sincerely
"rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To
"him, therefore, having brought this long work to
"a conclusion, I desire to dedicate it, and have the
"honour and satisfaction of placing together, in this
"manner, the names of Mr. Congreve and of

A. POPE."

EPISTLES.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX, &c.

To you, my Lord, my Muſe her tribute pays
Of various verſe, in various rude eſſays:
To you ſhe firſt addreſs'd her early voice,
By inclination led, and fix'd by choice;
To you, on whoſe indulgence ſhe depends,
Her few collected lays ſhe now commends.
By no one meaſure bound her numbers range,
And unreſolv'd in choice, delight in change;
Her ſongs to no diſtinguiſh'd fame aſpire,
For now ſhe tries the reed, anon attempts the lyre.
In high Parnaſſus ſhe no birthright claims,
Nor drinks deep draughts of Heliconian ſtreams;
Yet near the ſacred mount ſhe loves to rove,
Viſits the ſprings, and hovers round the grove.
She knows what dangers wait too bold a flight,
And fears to fall from an Icarian height;
Yet ſhe admires the wing that ſafely ſoars,
At diſtance follows, and its track adores.
She knows what room, what force, the ſwan requires
Whoſe tow'ring head above the clouds aſpires,

And knows as well it is your loweſt praiſe
Such heights to reach with equal ſtrength and eaſe.
O had your genius been to leiſure born,
And not more bound to aid us than adorn!
Albion in verſe with ancient Greece had vy'd,
And gain'd alone a fame which there ſev'n ſtates divide.
But ſuch, ev'n ſuch renown, too dear had coſt,
Had we the patriot in the poet loſt:
A true poetick ſtate we had deplor'd,
Had not your miniſtry our coin reſtor'd.
But ſtill, my Lord, tho' your exalted name
Stands foremoſt in the faireſt liſt of Fame,
Tho' your ambition ends in publick good,
(A virtue lineal to your houſe and blood)
Yet think not meanly of your other praiſe,
Nor ſlight the trophies which the Muſes raiſe.
How oft' a patriot's beſt laid ſchemes we find
By party croſs'd or faction undermin'd!
If he ſucceed he undergoes this lot,
The good receiv'd, the giver is forgot.
But honours which from verſe their ſource derive,
Shall both ſurmount detraction and ſurvive:
And poets have unqueſtion'd right to claim,
If not the greateſt, the moſt laſting name.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS

TRANSLATION OF PERSIUS.

As when of old heroick ſtory tells
Of knights impriſon'd long by magick ſpells,
Till future time the deſtin'd hero ſend
By whom the dire enchantment is to end;
Such ſeems this work, and ſo reſerv'd for thee,
Thou great revealer of dark poeſy!
Thoſe ſullen clouds which have for ages paſt
O'er Perſius' too longſuff'ring Muſe been caſt,
Diſperſe and fly before thy ſacred pen,
And in their room bright tracks of light are ſeen.
Sure Phœbus' ſelf thy ſwelling breaſt inſpires,
The god of muſick and poetick fires;
Elſe whence proceeds this great ſurpriſe of light?
How dawns this day forth from the womb of Night?
Our wonder now does our paſt folly ſhow,
Vainly contemning what we did not know:
So unbelievers impiouſly deſpiſe
The Sacred Oracles in myſteries.
Perſius before in ſmall eſteem was had,
Unleſs what to Antiquity is paid;
But like Apocrypha, with ſcruple read,
(So far our ignorance our faith miſled)

Till you, Apollo's darling priest, thought fit
To place it in the poet's sacred writ.
As coin which bears some awful monarch's face
For more than its intrinsick worth will pass,
So your bright image, which we here behold,
Adds worth to worth, and dignifies the gold.
To you we all this following treasure owe,
This Hippocrene, which from a rock did flow.
Old Stoick virtue, clad in rugged lines,
Polish'd by you, in modern brilliant shines;
And as before for Persius our esteem
To his antiquity was paid, not him;
So now, whatever praise from us is due,
Belongs not to old Persius, but the new;
For still obscure, to us no light he gives;
Dead in himself, in you alone he lives.
So stubborn flints their inward heat conceal,
Till art and force th' unwilling sparks reveal;
But, thro' your skill, from those small seeds of fire
Bright flames arise, which never can expire.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

OCCASIONED BY L——Y——'S PICTURE.

I YIELD, O Kneller! to superiour skill,
Thy pencil triumphs o'er the poet's quill:
If yet my vanquish'd Muse exert her lays,
It is no more to rival thee, but praise.
Oft' have I try'd, with unavailing care,
To trace some image of the much-lov'd fair,
But still my numbers ineffectual prov'd,
And rather show'd how much, than whom, I lov'd;
But thy unerring hands, with matchless art,
Have shown my eyes th' impression in my heart;
The bright idea both exists and leaves,
Such vital heat thy genial pencil gives,
Whose daring point, not to the face confin'd,
Can penetrate the heart, and paint the mind.
Others some faint resemblance may express,
Which as 't is drawn by chance we find by guess:
Thy pictures raise no doubts when brought to view;
At once they're known, and seem to know us too.
Transcendent Artist! how complete thy skill!
Thy pow'r to act is equal to thy will:
Nature and Art in thee alike contend,
Not to oppose each other, but befriend;
For what thy fancy has with fire design'd,
Is by thy skill both temper'd and refin'd.

As in thy pictures light conſents with ſhade,
And each to other is ſubſervient made,
Judgment and genius ſo concur in thee,
And both unite in perfect harmony.
But after-days, my Friend, muſt do thee right,
And ſet thy virtues in unenvy'd light.
Fame due to vaſt deſert is kept in ſtore,
Unpaid till the deſerver is no more;
Yet thou in preſent the beſt part haſt gain'd,
And from the choſen few applauſe obtain'd:
Ev'n he who beſt could judge and beſt could praiſe,
Has high extoll'd thee in his deathleſs lays:
Ev'n Dryden has immortaliz'd thy name;
Let that alone ſuffice thee, think that fame;
Unfit I follow where he led the way,
And court applauſe by what I ſeem to pay:
Myſelf I praiſe while I thy praiſe intend,
For 'tis ſome virtue virtue to commend;
And next to deeds which our own honour raiſe,
Is to diſtinguiſh them who merit praiſe.

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE.

OF PLEASING.

'Tis ſtrange, dear Temple! how it comes to paſs
That no one man is pleas'd with what he has:
So Horace ſings—and ſure as ſtrange is this,
That no one man's diſpleas'd with what he is.
The fooliſh, ugly, dull, impertinent,
Are with their perſons and their parts content.
Nor is that all; ſo odd a thing is man,
He moſt would be what leaſt he ſhould or can.
Hence homely faces ſtill are foremoſt ſeen,
And croſs-ſhap'd fops affect the niceſt mien;
Cowards extol true courage to the ſkies,
And fools are ſtill moſt forward to adviſe;
Th' untruſted wretch to ſecrecy pretends,
Whiſp'ring his nothing round to all as friends;
Dull rogues affect the politician's part,
And learn to nod, and ſmile, and ſhrug, with art;
Who nothing has to loſe the war bewails,
And he who nothing pays at taxes rails.
Thus man, perverſe, againſt plain Nature ſtrives,
And to be artfully abſurd contrives.
Plautus will dance, Luſcus at ogling aims,
Old Tritus keeps, and undone Probus games:
Noiſome Curculio, whoſe envenom'd breath,
Tho' at a diſtance utter'd, threatens death,

Full in your teeth his ſtinking whiſper throws,
Nor mends his manners tho' you hold your noſe:
Therſites, who ſeems born to give offence,
From uncouth form and frontleſs impudence,
Aſſumes ſoft airs, and with a ſlur comes in,
Attempts a ſmile, and ſhocks you with a grin:
Raucus harangues with a diſſuaſive grace,
And Helluo invites with a forbidding face.
Nature to each allots his proper ſphere,
But that forſaken we like comets err;
Toſs'd thro' the void, by ſome rude ſhock we're broke,
And all our boaſted fire is loſt in ſmoke.
Next to obtaining wealth, or pow'r, or eaſe,
Men moſt affect in general to pleaſe:
Of this affection vanity 's the ſource,
And vanity alone obſtructs its courſe;
That teleſcope of fools, thro' which they ſpy
Merit remote, and think the object nigh:
The glaſs remov'd, would each himſelf ſurvey,
And in juſt ſcales his ſtrength and weakneſs weigh,
Purſue the path for which he was deſign'd,
And to his proper force adapt his mind,
Scarce one but to ſome merit might pretend,
Perhaps might pleaſe, at leaſt would not offend.
Who would reprove us while he makes us laugh,
Muſt be no Bavius, but a Bickerſtaffe.
If Garth or Blackmore friendly potions give,
We bid the dying patient drink and live:

When Murus comes, we cry, Beware the pill,
And wiſh the tradeſman were a tradeſman ſtill.
If Addiſon, or Rowe, or Prior, write,
We ſtudy 'em with profit and delight;
But when vile Macer and Mundungus rhyme,
We grieve we've learnt to read, ay, curſe the time.
All rules of Pleaſing in this one unite,
" Affect not any thing in Nature's ſpight."
Baboons and apes ridiculous we find;
For what? for ill reſembling humankind.
" None are for being what they are in fault,
" But for not being what they would be thought."
Thus I, dear Friend! to you my thoughts impart,
As to one perfect in the Pleaſing art;
If art it may be call'd in you, who ſeem
By Nature form'd for love and for eſteem.
Affecting none, all virtues you poſſeſs,
And really are what others but profeſs.
I'll not offend you while myſelf I pleaſe;
I loath to flatter, tho' I love to praiſe:
But when ſuch early worth ſo bright appears,
And antedates the fame which waits on years,
I cann't ſo ſtupidly affected prove,
Not to confeſs it in the man I love;
Tho' now I aim not at that known applauſe
You've won in arms and in your country's cauſe:
Nor patriot now, nor hero, I commend,
But the companion praiſe, and boaſt the friend.

But you may think, and fome, lefs partial, fay,
That I prefume too much in this Effay.
How fhould I fhow what pleafes? how explain
A rule to which I never could attain?
To this objection I'll make no reply,
But tell a tale, which after we'll apply.
I've read, or heard, a learned perfon once,
Concern'd to find his only fon a dunce,
Compos'd a book in favour of the lad,
Whofe memory, it feems, was very bad.
This work contain'd a world of wholefome rules
To help the frailty of forgetful fools.
The careful parent laid the treatife by,
Till time fhould make it proper to apply.
Simon at length the look'd-for age attains,
To read and profit by his father's pains;
And now the fire prepares the book t' impart,
Which was yclep'd Of Memory the Art.
But ah! how oft' is human care in vain!
For now he could not find his book again;
The place where he had laid it he forgot,
Nor could himfelf remember what he wrote.
Now, to apply the ftory that I tell,
Which if not true is yet invented well,
Such is my cafe; like moft of theirs who teach,
I ill may practice what I well may preach.
Myfelf not trying, or not turn'd to pleafe,
May lay the line, and meafure out the ways.

The Mulciberss, who in the Minories ſweat,
And maſſive bars on ſtubborn anvils beat,
Deform'd themſelves, yet forge thoſe ſtays of ſteel
Which arm Aurelia with a ſhape to kill.
So Macer and Mundungus ſchool the times,
And write in rugged proſe the rules of ſofter rhymes:
Well do they play the careful critick's part,
Inſtructing doubly by their matchleſs art;
Rules for good verſe they firſt with pains indite,
Then ſhow us what are bad by what they write.

TO LORD VISCOUNT COBHAM.

OF IMPROVING THE PRESENT TIME.

SINCEREST critick of my proſe or rhyme,
Tell how thy pleaſing Stowe employs thy time:
Say, Cobham! what amuſes thy retreat?
Or ſtratagems of war or ſchemes of ſtate?
Doſt thou recall to mind with joy or grief
Great Marlbrô's actions? that immortal chief,
Whoſe higheſt trophy, rais'd in each campaign,
More than ſuffic'd to ſignalize a reign.
Does thy remembrance riſing warm thy heart
With glory paſt, where thou thyſelf had'ſt part?
Or doſt thou grieve, indignant, now to ſee
The fruitleſs end of all thy victory?
To ſee th' audacious foe, ſo late ſubdu'd,
Diſpute thoſe terms for which ſo long they ſu'd,

As if Britannia now were funk fo low
To beg that peace fhe wanted to beftow?
Be far that guilt! be never known that fhame,
That England fhould retract her rightful claim!
Or ceafing to be dreaded and ador'd,
Stain with her pen the luftre of her fword.
Or doft thou give the winds afar to blow
Each vexing thought and heart-devouring wo,
And fix thy mind alone on rural fcenes,
To turn the levell'd lawns to liquid plains,
To raife the creeping rills from humble beds,
And force the latent fprings to lift their heads,
On wat'ry columns capitals to rear,
That mix their flowing curls with upper air?
Or doft thou, weary grown, late works neglect,
No temples, ftatues, obelifks, erect,
But catch the morning-breeze from fragrant meads,
Or fhun the noontide ray in wholefome fhades?
Or lowly walk along the mazy wood,
To meditate on all that's wife and good?
For Nature, bountiful, in thee has join'd
A perfon pleafing with a worthy mind;
Not giv'n the form alone, but means and art
To draw the eye, or to allure the heart.
Poor were the praife in fortune to excel,
Yet want the way to ufe that fortune well.
While thus adorn'd, while thus with virtue crown'd,
At home in peace, abroad in arms renown'd;

Graceful in form, and winning in addreſs,
While well you think what aptly you expreſs;
With health, with honour, with a fair eſtate,
A table free, and elegantly neat,
What can be added more to mortal bliſs?
What can he want that ſtands poſſeſs'd of this?
What can the fondeſt wiſhing mother more,
Of Heav'n attentive for her ſon implore?
And yet a happineſs remains unknown,
Or to Philoſophy reveal'd alone;
A precept which, unpractis'd, renders vain
Thy flowing hopes, and pleaſure turns to pain.
Should hope and fear thy heart alternate tear,
Or love, or hate, or rage, or anxious care,
Whatever paſſions may thy mind infeſt,
(Where is that mind which paſſions ne'er moleſt?)
Amidſt the pangs of ſuch inteſtine ſtrife
Still think the preſent day the laſt of life:
Defer not till to-morrow to be wiſe,
To-morrow's ſun to thee may never riſe;
Or ſhould to-morrow chance to cheer thy ſight
With her enliv'ning and unlook'd-for light,
How grateful will appear her dawning rays!
Its favours unexpected doubly pleaſe.
Who thus can think, and who ſuch thoughts purſues,
Content may keep his life, or calmly loſe.
All proofs of this thou may'ſt thyſelf receive,
When leiſure from affairs will give thee leave.

Come see thy friend retir'd, without regret,
Forgetting care, or striving to forget,
In easy contemplation soothing time,
With morals much, and now and then with rhyme;
Not so robust in body as in mind,
And always undejected, tho' declin'd;
Not wond'ring at the world's new wicked ways,
Compar'd with those of our forefathers' days;
For virtue now is neither more or less,
And vice is only vary'd in the dress.
Believe it men have ever been the same,
And Ovid's Golden Age is but a dream.

IRREGULAR ODES.

TO THE KING,

ON THE TAKING OF NAMURE.

> Præſenti tibi maturos largimur honores:
> Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.
>
> HOR. AD AUGUSTUM.

I.

Of arms and war my muſe aſpires to ſing,
And ſtrike the lyre upon an untry'd ſtring:
New fire informs my ſoul unfelt before,
And on new wings to heights unknown I ſoar.
O Pow'r unſeen! by whoſe reſiſtleſs force
Compell'd I take this flight, direct my courſe,
For Fancy wild and pathleſs ways will chuſe,
Which Judgment rarely, or with pain purſues.
Say, ſacred Nymph! whence this great change pro-
Why ſcorns the lowly ſwain his oaten reeds, [ceeds?
Daring aloud to ſtrike the ſounding lyre,
And ſing heroick deeds,
Neglecting flames of love for martial fire?

II.

William alone my feeble voice can raiſe;
What voice ſo weak that cannot ſing his praiſe!
The liſt'ning world each whiſper will befriend
That breathes his name, and ev'ry ear attend:

The hov'ring winds on downy wings ſhall wait around,
And catch and waft to foreign lands, the flying ſound:
Ev'n I will in his praiſe be heard,
For by his name my verſe ſhall be preferr'd.
Borne like a lark upon this eagle's wing,
High as the ſpheres I will his triumph ſing;
High as the head of Fame; Fame, whoſe exalted ſize
From the deep vale extends up to the vaulted ſkies*;
A thouſand talking tongues the monſter bears,
A thouſand waking eyes and ever open ears;
Hourly ſhe ſtalks with huge gigantick pace,
Meas'ring the globe, like Time, with conſtant race;
Yet ſhall ſhe ſtay and bend to William's praiſe:
Of him her thouſand ears ſhall hear triumphant lays;
Of him her tongues ſhall talk, on him her eyes ſhall [gaze.

III.

But, lo! a change aſtoniſhing my eyes!
And all around behold new objects riſe!
What forms are theſe I ſee? and whence?
Beings ſubſtantial? or does air condenſe,
To clothe in viſionary ſhape my various thought?
Are theſe by fancy wrought?
Can ſtrong ideas ſtrike ſo deep the ſenſe?
O ſacred Poeſy! O boundleſs Power!
What wonders doſt thou trace, what hidden worlds explore!
Thro' ſeas, earth, air, and the wide circling ſky,
What is not ſought and ſeen by thy all-piercing eye!

* Virg. Æn. 4.

IV.

'Twas now, when flow'ry lawns the prospect made
And flowing brooks, beneath a forest's shade
A lowing heifer, loveliest of the herd,
Stood feeding by, while two fierce bulls prepar'd
Their armed heads for fight, by fate of war to prove
The victor worthy of the fair one's love;
Unthought presage of what met next my view!
For soon the shady scene withdrew;
And now for woods, and fields, and springing flow'rs,
Behold a town arise bulwark'd with walls and lofty tow'rs!
Two rival armies all the plain o'erspread,
Each in battalia rang'd, and shining arms array'd;
With eager eyes beholding both from far
Namure! the prize and mistress of the war.

V.

Now thirst of conquest, and immortal fame,
Does every chief and soldier's heart inflame.
Defensive arms the Gallick forces bear,
While hardy Britons for the storm prepare;
For Fortune had with partial hand before
Resign'd the rule to Gallia's pow'r.
High on a rock the mighty fortress stands,
Founded by Fate, and wrought by Nature's hands;
A wondrous task it is th' ascent to gain,
Thro' craggy cliffs that strike the sight with pain,
And nod impending terrours o'er the plain.

To this what dangers men can add by force or ſkill,
(And great is human force and wit in ill)
Are join'd; on ev'ry ſide wide gaping engines wait,
Teeming with fire, and big with certain fate,
Ready to hurl deſtruction from above,
In dreadful roar mocking the wrath of Jove.
Thus fearful does the face of adverſe Pow'r appear;
But Britiſh forces are unus'd to fear:
Tho' thus oppos'd they might, if William were not
[there.

VI.

But hark the voice of War! behold the ſtorm begin!
The trumpets' clangour ſpeaks in loud alarms,
Mingling ſhrill notes with dreadful din
Of cannons' burſt and rattling claſh of arms.
Clamours from earth to heaven, from heav'n to earth,
Diſtinction in promiſcuous noiſe is drown'd, [rebound
And Echo loſt in one continued ſound.
Torrents of fire from brazen mouths are ſent,
Follow'd by peals, as if each pole were rent;
Such flames the gulfs of Tartarus diſgorge;
So vaulted Ætna roars from Vulcan's forge:
Such were the peals from thence, ſuch the vaſt blaze that
Redd'ning with horrid gloom the duſky ſmoke, [broke,
When the huge Cyclops did with moulding thunder
And maſſive bolts on repercuſſive anvils beat. [ſweat,

VII.

Amidſt this rage behold where William ſtands,
Undaunted, undiſmay'd!

With face serene dispensing dread commands,
Which heard with awe, are with delight obey'd.
A thousand fiery deaths around him fly,
And burning balls hiss harmless by;
For ev'ry fire his sacred head must spare,
Nor dares the lightning touch the laurels there.

VIII.

Now many a wounded Briton feels the rage
Of missive fires that fester in each limb,
Which dire revenge alone has pow'r t' assuage;
Revenge makes danger dreadless seem.
And now with desp'rate force and fresh attack,
Thro' obvious deaths resistless way they make;
Raising high piles of earth, and heap on heap they lay,
And then ascend; resembling thus (as far
As race of men inferiour may)
The fam'd gigantick war,
When those tall sons of Earth did heav'n aspire,
(A brave but impious fire!)
Uprooting hills with most stupendous hale,
To form the high and dreadful scale;
The gods with horrour and amaze look'd down,
Beholding rocks from their firm basis rent;
Mountain on mountain thrown
With threat'ning hurl that shook th' etherial firmament!
Th' attempt did fear in heav'n create;
Ev'n Jove desponding sat,

Till Mars, with all his force collected, ſtood,
And pour'd whole war on the rebellious brood,
Who tumbling headlong from th' empyreal ſkies,
O'erwhelm'd thoſe hills by which they thought to riſe.
Mars on the gods did then his aid beſtow,
And now in godlike William ſtorms with equal force below.

IX.

Still they proceed with firm unſhaken pace,
And hardy breaſts oppos'd to Danger's face.
With daring feet on ſpringing mines they tread
Of ſecret ſulphur in dire ambuſh laid,
Still they proceed, tho' all beneath the lab'ring earth
Trembles to give the dread eruptions birth:
Thro' this, thro' more, thro' all, they go,
Mounting at laſt amidſt the vanquiſh'd foe.
See how they climb, and ſcale the ſteepy walls!
See how the Britons riſe! ſee the retiring Gauls!
Now from the fort behold the yielding flag is ſpread,
And William's banner on the breach diſplay'd.

X.

Hark, the triumphant ſhouts from ev'ry voice!
The ſkies with acclamations ring!
Hark, how around the hills rejoice,
And rocks reflected Iös ſing!
Hautboys, and fifes, and trumpets, join'd,
Heroick harmony prepare,
And charm to ſilence every wind,
And glad the late tormented air.

Far is the ſound of martial muſick ſpread,
Echoing thro' all the Gallick hoſt,
Whoſe num'rous troops the dreadful ſtorm ſurvey'd;
But they, with wonder or with awe diſmay'd,
Unmov'd beheld the fortreſs loſt;
William their num'rous troops with terrour fill'd,
Such wondrous charms can godlike valour ſhow!
Not the wing'd Perſeus, with petrifick ſhield
Of Gorgon's head, to more amazement charm'd his foe;
Nor when on ſoaring horſe he flew to aid
And ſave from monſter's rage the beauteous maid;
Or more heroick was the deed,
Or ſhe to ſurer chains decreed,
Then was Namure, till now by William freed.

XI.

Deſcend, my Muſe! from thy too-daring height,
Deſcend to earth, and eaſe thy wide-ſtretch'd wing;
For weary art thou grown of this unwonted flight,
And doſt with pain of triumphs ſing.
More fit for thee reſume thy rural reeds;
For war let more harmonious harps be ſtrung:
Sing thou of love, and leave great William's deeds
To him who ſung the Boyne, or him to whom he ſung.

ON MRS. ARABELLA HUNT,

SINGING.

I.

Let all be hush'd, each softest motion cease,
Be ev'ry loud tumultuous thought at peace,
And ev'ry ruder gasp of breath
Be calm, as in the arms of Death:
And thou, most fickle, most uneasy part,
Thou restless wanderer, my Heart,
Be still; gently, ah! gently leave,
Thou busy, idle thing, to heave:
Stir not a pulse; and let my blood,
That turbulent unruly flood,
Be softly staid:
Let me be all, but my attention, dead.
Go, rest, unnecessary springs of life,
Leave your officious toil and strife;
For I would hear her voice, and try
If it be possible to die.

II.

Come, all ye lovesick maids and wounded swains,
And listen to her healing strains.
A wondrous balm between her lips she wears,
Of sov'reign force to soften cares,
And this thro' ev'ry ear she can impart,
(By tuneful breath diffus'd) to ev'ry heart.

Swiftly the gentle charmer flies,
And to the tender grief soft Air applies,
Which warbling mystick sounds
Cements the bleeding panter's wounds.
But, ah! beware of clam'rous moan;
Let no unpleasing murmur or harsh groan
Your slighted loves declare;
Your very tend'rest moving sighs forbear,
For even they will be too boist'rous here.
Hither let nought but sacred Silence come,
And let all-saucy Praise be dumb.

III.

And, lo! Silence himself is here;
Methinks I see the midnight god appear;
In all his downy pomp array'd,
Behold the rev'rend shade;
An ancient Sigh he sits upon,
Whose memory of sound is long since gone,
And purposely annihilated for his throne;
Beneath two soft transparent clouds do meet,
In which he seems to sink his softer feet;
A melancholy thought, condens'd to air,
Stol'n from a lover in despair,
Like a thin mantle serves to wrap
In fluid folds his visionary shape;
A wreath of darkness round his head he wears,
Where curling mists supply the want of hairs;

While the ſtill vapours, which from poppies riſe,
Bedew his hoary face and lull his eyes.

IV.

But, hark! the heav'nly ſphere turns round,
And ſilence now is drown'd
In ecſtaſy of ſound.
How on a ſudden the ſtill air is charm'd,
As if all harmony were juſt alarm'd!
And ev'ry ſoul, with tranſport fill'd,
Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.
See how the heav'nly choir
Come flocking to admire,
And with what ſpeed and care
Deſcending angels cut the thinneſt air!
Haſte then, come all th' immortal throng,
And liſten to her ſong;
Leave your lov'd manſions in the ſky,
And hither, quickly hither, fly:
Your loſs of heav'n nor ſhall you need to fear;
While ſhe ſings 'tis heav'n here.

V.

See how they crowd! ſee how the little cherubs ſkip!
While others ſit around her mouth, and ſip
Sweet hallelujahs from her lip;
Thoſe lips where in ſurpriſe of bliſs they rove:
For ne'er before did angels taſte
So exquiſite a feaſt
Of muſick and of love.

Prepare, then, ye Immortal Choir!
Each ſacred minſtrel tune his lyre,
And with her voice in chorus join,
Her voice which, next to yours, is moſt divine;
Bleſs the glad earth with heav'nly lays,
And to that pitch th' eternal accents raiſe,
Which only breath inſpir'd can reach,
To notes which only ſhe can learn and you can teach;
While we, charm'd with the lov'd exceſs,
Are wrapt in ſweet forgetfulneſs
Of all, of all, but of the preſent happineſs,
Wiſhing for ever in that ſtate to lie,
For ever to be dying ſo, yet never die.

PINDARICK ODES.

A PINDARICK ODE,

Humbly offered to the

QUEEN,

On the victorious progress of

HER MAJESTY'S ARMS

Under the conduct of the

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

——Operosa parvus
Carmina fingo. HOR. Lib. iv. Ode 2.

A DISCOURSE ON THE PINDARICK ODE.

THE following Ode is an attempt towards restoring the regularity of the ancient lyrick poetry, which seems to be altogether forgotten or unknown by our English writers.

There is nothing more frequent among us than a sort of poems entitled *Pindarick Odes*, pretending to be written in imitation of the manner and style of Pindar; and yet I do not know that there is to this day extant, in our language, one ode contrived after his model. What idea can an English reader have of Pindar, (to whose mouth, when a child, the bees* brought their honey, in omen of the future sweetness

* Pausan. Boeotic.

lody of his fongs), when he fhall fee fuch rum- and grating papers of verfes pretending to be s of his works?

The character of thefe late Pindaricks is a bundle of rambling incoherent thoughts, expreffed in a like parcel of irregular ftanzas, which alfo confift of fuch another complication of difproportioned, uncertain and perplexed verfes and rhymes; and I appeal to any reader if this is not the condition in which thefe titular odes appear.

On the contrary, there is nothing more regular than the Odes of Pindar, both as to the exact obfervation of the meafures and numbers of his ftanzas and verfes, and the perpetual coherence of his thoughts: for tho' his digreffions are frequent, and his tranfitions fudden, yet is there ever fome fecret connexion which, though not always appearing to the eye, never fails to communicate itfelf to the underftanding of the reader.

The liberty which he took in his numbers, and which has been fo mifunderftood * and mifapplied by

* For certainly they have utterly mifunderftood Horace, L. iv. ode 2. who have applied *numerifq; fertur lege folutis*, to all the odes of Pindar, which there exprefsly relates only to his Dithyrambicks, and which are all entirely loft. Nothing is plainer than the fenfe of Horace in that place. He fays, Pindar deferves the laurel, let him write of what or in what manner foever, *viz.* firft whether he writes Dithyrambicks, which break through the bounds prefcribed to other odes; or, fecondly, whether he writes of gods and heroes, their warlike achievements, &c.; or, thirdly, whether he fings of the victors in the Grecian games; or, laftly, whether he fings in honour of the dead, and writes elegies, &c.

his pretended imitators, was only in varying st[illegible] zas in different odes, but in each particular od[illegible] are ever correſpondent one to another in their [illegible] and according to the order of the ode.

All the Odes of Pindar which remain to us are ſongs of triumph, victory, or ſucceſs, in the Grecian games: they were ſung by a chorus, and adapted to the lyre, and ſometimes to the lyre and pipe*; they conſiſted oftneſt of three ſtanzas; the firſt was called the Strophé, from the verſion or circular motion of the ſingers in that ſtanza from the right hand to the left; the ſecond ſtanza was called the Antiſtrophé, from the contraverſion of the chorus, the ſingers in performing that, turning from the left hand to the right †, contrary always to their motion in the ſtrophé; the third ſtanza was called the Epode, (it may be as being the afterſong) which they ſung in the middle, neither turning to one hand nor the other.

What the origin was of theſe different motions and ſtations in ſinging their odes is not our preſent bu-

* Pind. Olymp. 10. and Horace, L. iv. ode 1, *miſtis carminibus non ſine fiſtula*; and L. iii. ode 19. *cur pendet tacita fiſtula cum lyra?*

† Or from the left to the right; for the ſcholiaſts differ in that, as may be ſeen in *Pind. Schol. Introduc. ad Olymp.* And *Alex. ab Alexandro*, L. iv. c. 17. ſpeaking of the ceremony of the chorus, ſays, *Curſum Auſpicati a læva dextrorſum —— mox a dextra lævorſum.* But the learned Schmidius takes part with the firſt opinion, as more conſiſtent with the notions of the Ancients concerning the motions of the heavenly ſpheres, and agreeable to Homer there cited by him. See *Eraſ. Schmid. Prolegom. in Olymp. et de carmin. lyric.*

fineſs to inquire. Some have thought that by the contrariety of the ſtrophé and antiſtrophé they intended to repreſent the contrarotation of the *primum mobile*, in reſpect of the *ſecunda mobilia*; and that by their ſtanding ſtill at the epode, they meant to ſignify the ſtability of the earth. Others aſcribe the inſtitution to Theſeus, who thereby expreſſed the windings and turnings of the labyrinth in celebrating his return from thence *.

The method obſerved in the compoſition of theſe odes was therefore as follows: the poet having made choice of a certain number of verſes to conſtitute his ſtrophé or firſt ſtanza, was obliged to obſerve the ſame in his antiſtrophé or ſecond ſtanza, and which accordingly perpetually agreed, whenever repeated, both in number of verſes and quantity of feet: he was then again at liberty to make a new choice for his third ſtanza or epode; where, accordingly, he diverſified his numbers as his ear or fancy led him, compoſing that ſtanza of more or fewer verſes than the former, and thoſe verſes of different meaſures and quantities, for the greater variety of harmony, and entertainment of the ear.

But then this epode being thus formed, he was ſtrictly obliged to the ſame meaſure † as often as he ſhould repeat it in the order of his ode; ſo that every

* Pind. Scholiaſt. Schmid. ibid.

† Vid. Jul. Scal. poetic. ad. fin. lib. iii. cap. 97.

epode in the ſame ode is eternally the ſame in meaſure and quantity in reſpect to itſelf, as is alſo every ſtrophé and antiſtrophé in reſpect to each other.

The lyrick poet Steſichorus (whom Longinus * reckons amongſt the ableſt imitators of Homer, and of whom Quintilian ſays †, that if he could have kept within bounds he would have been neareſt of any body, in merit, to Homer) was, if not the inventor of this order in the ode, yet ſo ſtrict an obſerver of it in his compoſitions, that the three ſtanzas of Steſichorus became a common proverb to expreſs a thing univerſally known, *Ne tria quidem Steſichori noſti* ‡? ſo that when any one had a mind to reproach another with exceſſive ignorance, he could not do it more effectually than by telling him "he did not "ſo much as know the three ſtanzas of Steſichorus," that is, did not know that an ode ought to conſiſt of a ſtrophé, an antiſtrophé and an epode. If this was ſuch a mark of ignorance among them, I am ſure we have been pretty long liable to the ſame reproof, I mean in reſpect of our imitations of the Odes of Pindar.

My intention is not to make a long preface to a ſhort ode, nor to enter upon a diſſertation of lyrick poetry in general; but thus much I thought proper to ſay for the information of thoſe readers whoſe courſe of ſtudy has not led them into ſuch inquiries.

* Longin. de Sub. c. 13. † Quint. Inst. lib. x. c. 1.

‡ Ὅτι τὰ τρία Στησιχόρου γινώσκεις, de vehementer indocto et imperito dici ſolitum. *Eraſm. Adag.*

I hope I shall not be so misunderstood as to have it thought that I pretend to give an exact copy of Pindar in this ensuing Ode, or that I look upon it as a pattern for his imitators for the future: far from such thoughts, I have only given an instance of what is practicable, and am sensible that I am as distant from the force and elevation of Pindar, as others have hitherto been from the harmony and regularity of his numbers.

Again, we having no chorus to sing in our odes, the titles, as well as use of strophé, antistrophé, and epode, are obsolete and impertinent; and certainly there may be very good English odes without the distinction of Greek appellations to their stanzas: that I have mentioned them here, and observed the order of them in the ensuing Ode, is therefore only the more intelligibly to explain the extraordinary regularity of the composition of those odes, which have been represented to us hitherto as the most confused structures in nature.

However, though there be no necessity that our triumphal odes should consist of the three aforementioned stanzas, yet if the reader can observe that the great variation of the numbers in the third stanza (call it epode or what you please) has a pleasing effect in the ode, and makes him return to the first and second stanzas with more appetite than he could do if

always cloyed with the same quantities and measures. I cannot see why some use may not be made of Pindar's example, to the great improvement of the English ode. There is certainly a pleasure in beholding any thing that has art and difficulty in the contrivance, especially if it appears so carefully executed, that the difficulty does not show itself till it is sought for; and that the seeming easiness of the work first sets us upon the inquiry. Nothing can be called beautiful without proportion. When symmetry and harmony are wanting, neither the eye nor the ear can be pleased: therefore certainly poetry, which includes painting and musick, should not be destitute of them, and of all poetry, especially the ode, whose end and essence is harmony.

Mr. Cowley, in his preface to his Pindarick Odes, speaking of the musick of numbers, says, "which "sometimes (especially in songs and odes) almost "without any thing else makes an excellent poet."

Having mentioned Mr. Cowley, it may very well be expected that something should be said of him at a time when the imitation of Pindar is the theme of our discourse: but there is that great deference due to the memory, great parts, and learning, of that gentleman, that I think nothing should be objected to the latitude he has taken in his Pindarick Odes. The beauty of his verses are an atonement for the irregularity of his stanzas; and though he did not

imitate Pindar in the ftrictnefs of his numbers, he has very often happily copied him in the force of his figures, and fublimity of his ftyle and fentiments.

Yet I muft beg leave to add, that I believe thofe Irregular Odes of Mr Cowley may have been the principal, though innocent, occafion of fo many deformed poems fince, which inftead of being true [illegible]es of Pindar, have (to ufe the Italian painter's term) been only caricaturas of him; refemblances that for the moft part have been either horrid or ridiculous.

For my own part, I frankly own my errour in having heretofore mifcalled a few irregular ftanzas a Pindarick Ode; and poffibly if others who have been under the fame miftake would ingenuoufly confefs the truth, they might own that, never having confulted Pindar himfelf, they took all his irregularity upon truft; and finding their account in the great eafe with which they could produce odes without being obliged either to meafure or defign, remained fatisfied, and it may be were not altogether unwilling to neglect being undeceived.

Though there be little (if any thing) left of Orpheus but his name, yet if Paufanias * was well informed, we may be affured that brevity was a beauty which he moft induftrioufly laboured to preferve in his Hymns; notwithftanding, as the fame author reports, that they were but few in number.

* Boeotic. page 588.

The fhortnefs of the following Ode will, I hope, atone for the length of the Preface, and in fome meafure for the defects which may be found in it. It confifts of the fame number of ftanzas with that beautiful ode of Pindar which is the firft of his Pythicks; and though I was unable to imitate him in an[illegible] beauty, I refolved to endeavour to copy his brevity, and take the advantage of a remark he has made in the laft ftrophé of the fame ode, which take in the paraphrafe of Sudorius.

> Qui multa paucis ftringere commode
> Noveri, morfus hi facile invidiæ
> Spernunt, et auris menfq; pura
> Omne fupervacuum rejectat.

ODE.

I.

Daughter of Memory, immortal Muſe!
Calliope! what poet wilt thou chuſe
Of Anna's name to ſing?
To whom wilt thou thy fire impart,
Thy lyre, thy voice, and tuneful art?
Whom raiſe ſublime on thy ethereal wing,
And conſecrate with dews of thy Caſtalian ſpring?

II.

Without thy aid the moſt aſpiring mind
Muſt flag beneath, to narrow flights confin'd,
Striving to riſe in vain,
Nor e'er can hope with equal lays
To celebrate bright Virtue's praiſe.
Thy aid obtain'd, ev'n I, the humbleſt ſwain,
May climb Pierian heights, and quit the lowly plain.

III.

High in the ſtarry orb is hung,
And next Alcides' guardian arm,
That harp to which thy Orpheus ſung,
Who woods, and rocks, and winds, could charm,
That harp which on Cyllene's ſhady hill,
When firſt the vocal ſhell was found,
With more than mortal ſkill
Inventor Hermes taught to ſound:
Hermes on bright Latona's ſon,
By ſweet perſuaſion won,

The wondrous work beſtow'd;
Latona's ſon, to thine
Indulgent, gave the gift divine:
A god the gift, a god th' invention ſhow'd.

I.

To that high-ſounding lyre I tune my ſtrains;
A l[illegible]note his lofty ſong diſdains
Who ſings of Anna's name.
The lyre is ſtruck, the ſounds I hear,
O Muſe! propitious to my pray'r;
O well-known ſounds! O melody, the ſame
That kindled Mantuan fire and rais'd Mæonian flame!

II.

Nor are theſe ſounds to Britiſh bards unknown,
Or ſparingly reveal'd to one alone;
Witneſs ſweet Spenſer's lays
And witneſs that immortal ſong,
As Spenſer ſweet, as Milton ſtrong,
Which humble Boyne o'er Tiber's flood could raiſe,
And Mighty William ſing with well-proportion'd ſpraiſe.

III.

Riſe, fair Auguſta! lift thy head,
With golden tow'rs thy front adorn;
Come forth, as comes from Tithon's bed
With cheerful ray the ruddy Morn.
Thy lovely form and freſh-reviving ſtate
In cryſtal flood of Thames ſurvey
Then bleſs thy better fate,
Bleſs Anna's moſt auſpicious ſway.

While diſtant realms and neighb'ring lands
Arm'd troops and hoſtile bands
On ev'ry ſide moleſt,
Thy happier clime is free,
Fair Capital of Liberty!
And plenty knows, and days of halcyon reſt.

I.

As Britain's iſle, when old vex'd Ocean roars,
Unſhaken ſees againſt her ſilver ſhores
His foaming billows beat;
So Britain's Queen, amidſt the jars
And tumults of a world in wars,
Fix'd on the baſe of her well-founded ſtate,
Serene and ſafe looks down, nor feels the ſhocks of
[Fate.

II.

But greateſt ſouls, tho' bleſt with ſweet repoſe,
Are ſooneſt touch'd with ſenſe of others' woes:
Thus Anna's mighty mind,
To mercy and ſoft pity prone,
And mov'd with ſorrows not her own,
Has all her peace and downy reſt reſign'd,
To wake for common good, and ſuccour humankind.

III.

Fly, Tyranny! no more be known
Within Europa's bliſsful bound;
Far as th' unhabitable zone
Fly ev'ry hoſpitable ground:

To horrid Zembla's frozen realms repair,
There with the baleful beldam, Night,
Unpeopled empire ſhare,
And rob thoſe lands of legal right:
For now is come the promis'd hour
When Juſtice ſhall have pow'r;
Ju[illegible] earth reſtored,
Again Aſtrea reigns!
Anna her equal ſcale maintains,
And Marlbrô wields her ſure-deciding ſword.

I.

Now couldſt thou ſoar, my Muſe! to ſing the man
In heights ſublime, as when the Mantuan ſwan
Her tow'ring pinions ſpread,
Thou ſhouldſt of Marlbrô ſing, whoſe hand,
Unerring from his Queen's command,
Far as the ſeven-mouth'd Iſter's ſecret head,
To ſave th' Imperial ſtate, her hardy Briton's led.

II.

Nor there thy ſong ſhould end; tho' all the Nine
Might well their harps and heav'nly voices join
To ſing that glorious day
When bold Bavaria fled the field,
And veteran Gauls, unus'd to yield,
On Blenheim's plain imploring mercy lay,
And ſpoils and trophies won perplex'd the victors' way.

III.

But could thy voice of Blenheim ſing,
And with ſucceſs that ſong purſue,

What art could aid thy weary wing
To keep the victor ſtill in view?
For as the ſun ne'er ſtops his radiant flight,
Nor ſets, but with impartial ray
To all who want his light
Alternately transfers the day;
So in the glorious round of fame
Great Marlbro'! ſtill the ſame,
Inceſſant runs his courſe;
To climes remote and near
His conqu'ring arms by turns appear,
And univerſal is his aid and force.

I.

Attempt not to proceed, unwary Muſe!
For, O! what note, what numbers, couldſt thou chuſe,
Tho' in all numbers ſkill'd:
To ſing the hero's matchleſs deed
Which Belgia ſav'd and Brabant freed!
To ſing Ramillia's day! to which muſt yield
Cannæ's illuſtrious fight, and fam'd Pharſalia's field.

II.

In the ſhort courſe of a diurnal ſun
Behold the work of many ages done!
What verſe ſuch worth can raiſe?
Luſtre and life the poet's art
To middle virtue may impart;
But deeds ſublime, exalted high, like theſe,
Tranſcend his utmoſt flight, and mock his diſtant praiſe.

III.

Still would the willing Muſe aſpire,
With tranſport ſtill her ſtrains prolong,
But fear unſtrings the trembling lyre,
And admiration ſtops her ſong.
Go on, great Chief! in Anna's cauſe proceed,
N[illegible] ſheath the terrours of thy ſword
Till Europe thou haſt freed,
And univerſal peace reſtor'd.
This mighty work when thou ſhalt end,
Equal rewards attend,
Of value far above
Thy trophies and thy ſpoils:
Rewards even worthy of thy toils,
Thy Queen's juſt favour, and thy country's love.

To the Right Hon.

THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN,

LORD HIGH-TREASURER OF GREAT BRITAIN.

———Quemvis media erue turba:
Aut ob avaritiam, aut miſera ambitione laborat.
Hunc capit argenti ſplendor———
Hic mutat merces ſurgente a ſole, ad eum quo
Veſpertina tepet regio: quin per mala præceps
Fertur———
Omnes hi metuunt verſus, odere poetas. HOR. Lib. I. Sat. 4.

ODE.

I.

To hazardous attempts and hardy toils
Ambition ſome excites,
And ſome deſire of martial ſpoils
To bloody fields invites;
Others inſatiate thirſt of gain
Provokes to tempt the dang'rous main,
To paſs the burning line, and bear
Th' inclemency of winds, and ſeas, and air,
Preſſing the doubtful voyage till India's ſhore
Her ſpicy boſom bares, and ſpreads her ſhining ore.

II.

Nor widows' tears, nor tender orphans' cries,
Can ſtop th' invader's force;

Nor ſwelling ſeas, nor threat'ning ſkies,
Prevent the pirate's courſe:
Their lives to ſelfiſh ends decreed,
Thro' blood or rapine they proceed;
No anxious thoughts of ill-repute
Suſpend th' impetuous and unjuſt purſuit;
But pow'r and wealth obtain'd, guilty and great,
Their fellow-creatures' fears they raiſe, or urge their [hate.

III.

But not for theſe his iv'ry lyre
Will tuneful Phœbus ſtring,
Nor Polyhymnia, crown'd amid the choir,
Th' immortal epode ſing.
Thy ſprings, Caſtalia! turn their ſtreams aſide
From rapine, avarice, and pride;
[illegible] do thy greens, ſhady Aönia! grow
[illegible] with wreaths a tyrant's brow.

[illegible]

How juſt, moſt mighty Jove! yet how ſevere
Is thy ſupreme decree,
That impious men ſhall joyleſs hear
The Muſes' harmony!
Their ſacred ſongs, (the recompenſe
Of virtue and of innocence)
Which pious minds to rapture raiſe,
And worthy deeds at once excite and praiſe,
To guilty hearts afford no kind relief,
But add inflaming rage and more afflicting grief.

II

Monstrous Typhœus thus new terrours fill,
He who assail'd the skies,
And now beneath the burning hill
Of dreadful Ætna lies;
Hearing the lyre's celestial sound,
He bellows in th' abyss profound;
Sicilia trembles at his roar,
Tremble the seas, and far Campania's shore,
While all his hundred mouths at once expire
Volumes of curling smoke and floods of liquid fire.

III

From heav'n alone all good proceeds;
To heav'nly minds belong
All pow'r and love, Godolphin! of good deeds,
And sense of sacred song;
And thus most pleasing are the Muse's lays
To them who merit most her praise;
Wherefore for thee her iv'ry lyre she strings,
And soars with rapture while she sings.

I

Whether affairs of most important weight
Require thy aiding hand,
And Anna's cause and Europe's fate
Thy serious thoughts demand;
Whether thy days and nights are spent
In cares, on publick good intent;

Or whether leisure hours invite
To manly ſports or to refin'd delight;
In courts reſiding, or to plains retir'd,
Where gen'rous ſteeds conteſt with emulation fir'd;

II.

Thee ſtill ſhe ſeeks, and tuneful ſings thy name,
As once ſhe Theron ſung,
While with the deathleſs worthy's fame
Olympian Piſa rung:
Nor leſs ſublime is now her choice,
Nor leſs inſpir'd by thee her voice.
And now ſhe loves aloft to ſound
The man for more than mortal deeds renown'd;
Varying anon her theme, ſhe takes delight
The ſwift-heel'd horſe to praiſe, and ſing his rapid [flight.

III.

And ſee! the air-born racers ſtart,
Impatient of the rein;
Faſter they run than flies the Scythian dart,
Nor paſſing print the plain!
The winds themſelves, who with their ſwiftneſs vie,
In vain their airy pinions ply;
So far in matchleſs ſpeed thy courſers paſs
Th' ethereal authors of their race.

I.

And now awhile the well-ſtrain'd courſers breathe;
And now, my Muſe! prepare

Of olive leaves a twiſted wreath
To bind the victor's hair.
Pallas, in care of humankind,
The fruitful olive firſt deſign'd;
Deep in the glebe her ſpear ſhe lanc'd,
When all at once the laden boughs advanc'd:
The gods with wonder view'd the teeming earth,
And all with one conſent approv'd the beauteous birth.

II.

This done, earth-ſhaking Neptune next eſſay'd,
In bounty to the world,
To emulate the Blue-ey'd maid,
And his huge trident hurl'd
Againſt the founding beach; the ſtroke
Transfix'd the globe, and open broke
The central earth, whence, ſwift as ſight,
Forth ruſh'd the firſt-born horſe. Stupendous ſight!
Neptune for human good the beaſt ordains,
Whom ſoon he tam'd to uſe, and taught to hear the reins.

III.

Thus gods contended, (noble ſtrife!
Worthy the heav'nly mind)
Who moſt ſhould do to ſoften anxious life,
And moſt endear mankind.
Thus thou, Godolphin! doſt with Marlbrô ſtrive,
From whoſe joint toils we reſt derive:
Triumph in wars abroad his arm aſſures,
Sweet peace at home thy care ſecures.

PASTORALS.

THE

MOURNING MUSE OF ALEXIS.

A PASTORAL.

Lamenting the death of

QUEEN MARY.

Infandum regina jubes renovare dolorem. VIRG.

ALEXIS, MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

Behold, Alexis! ſee this gloomy ſhade,
Which ſeems alone for Sorrow's ſhelter made,
Where no glad beams of light can ever play,
But night ſucceeding night excludes the day;
Where never birds with harmony repair,
And lightſome notes, to cheer the duſky air,
To welcome day or bid the ſun farewell,
By morning lark or evening Philomel.
No violet here, nor daiſy, e'er was ſeen,
No ſweetly-budding flow'r, nor ſpringing green;
For fragrant myrtle and the bluſhing roſe,
Here baleful yew with deadly cypreſs grows.
Here, then, extended on this wither'd moſs,
We'll lie, and thou ſhalt ſing of Albion's loſs;
Of Albion's loſs, and of Paſtora's death,
Begin thy mournful ſong, and raiſe thy tuneful breath.

ALEX. Ah! wo too great! ah! theme which far ex-
The lowly lays of humble shepherds' reeds! [ceeds
O could I sing in verse of equal strain
With the Sicilian bard or Mantuan swain,
Or melting words and moving numbers chuse,
Sweet as the British Colin's Mourning Muse;
Could I, like him, in tuneful grief excel,
And mourn like Stella for her Astrophel;
Then might I raise my voice, (secure of skill)
And with melodious wo the vallies fill;
The list'ning Echo on my song should wait,
And hollow rocks Pastora's name repeat;
Each whistling wind and murm'ring stream should tell
How lov'd she liv'd, and how lamented fell.

MEN. Wert thou with ev'ry bay and laurel crown'd,
And high as Pan himself in song renown'd,
Yet would not all thy art avail to show
Verse worthy of her name or of our wo:
But such true passion in thy face appears,
In thy pale lips, thick sighs, and gushing tears,
Such tender sorrow in thy heart I read,
As shall supply all skill, if not exceed.
Then leave this common form of dumb distress,
Each vulgar grief can sighs and tears express;
In sweet complaining notes thy passion vent,
And not in sighs, but words explaining sighs, lament.

ALEX. Wild be my words, Menalcas, wild my
Artless as Nature's notes in birds untaught: [thought,

Boundleſs my verſe, and roving be my ſtrains,
Various as flow'rs on unfrequented plains.
And thou, Thalia! darling of my breaſt,
By whom inſpir'd I ſung at Cornus' feaſt,
While in a ring the jolly rural throng
Have ſat and ſmil'd to hear my cheerful ſong;
Begone, with all thy mirth and ſprightly lays,
My pipe no longer now thy pow'r obeys;
Learn to lament, my Muſe! to weep and mourn,
Thy ſpringing laurels all to cypreſs turn;
Wound with thy diſmal cries the tender air,
And beat thy ſnowy breaſt and rend thy yellow hair:
Far hence, in utmoſt wilds, thy dwelling chuſe,
Begone, Thalia! Sorrow is my Muſe.
"I mourn Paſtora dead, let Albion mourn,
"And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn."
No more theſe woods ſhall with her ſight be bleſs'd,
Nor with her feet theſe flow'ry plains be preſs'd;
No more the winds ſhall with her treſſes play,
And from her balmy breath ſteal ſweets away;
No more theſe rivers cheerfully ſhall paſs,
Pleas'd to reflect the beauties of her face,
While on their banks the wond'ring flocks have ſtood,
Greedy of ſight, and negligent of food.
No more the Nymphs ſhall with ſoft tales delight
Her ears, no more with dances pleaſe her ſight;
Nor ever more ſhall ſwain make ſong of mirth
To bleſs the joyous day that gave her birth:

Loſt is that day, which had from her its light,
For ever loſt with her in endleſs night;
In endleſs night, and arms of Death, ſhe lies;
Death in eternal ſhades has ſhut Paſtora's eyes.
  Lament, ye Nymphs! and mourn, ye wretched Swains!
Stray, all ye Flocks! and deſert be, ye Plains!
Sigh, all ye Winds! and weep, ye Cryſtal Floods!
Fade, all ye Flow'rs! and wither, all ye Woods!
"I mourn Paſtora dead, let Albion mourn,
"And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn."
  Within a diſmal grot, which damps ſurround,
All cold ſhe lies upon th' unwholeſome ground;
The marble weeps, and with a ſilent pace
Its trickling tears diſtil upon her face.
Falſely ye weep, ye Rocks! and falſely mourn,
For never will you let the nymph return:
With a feign'd grief the faithleſs tomb relents,
And like the crocodile its prey laments.
  O ſhe was heav'nly fair in face and mind!
Never in Nature were ſuch beauties join'd:
Without all ſhining, and within all white;
Pure to the ſenſe, and pleaſing to the ſight;
Like ſome rare flow'r, whoſe leaves all colours yield,
And op'ning is with ſweeteſt odours fill'd.
As lofty pines o'ertop the lowly reed,
So did her graceful height all nymphs exceed;
To which excelling height ſhe bore a mind
Humble as oſiers bending to the wind.
Thus excellent ſhe was—

Ah! wretched fate! ſhe was, but is no more:
Help me, ye Hills and Vallies! to deplore.
"I mourn Paſtora dead, let Albion mourn,
"And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn."
From that bleſs'd earth on which her body lies,
May blooming flow'rs with fragrant ſweets ariſe:
Let Myrrha, weeping aromatick gum,
And everliving laurel, ſhade her tomb:
Thither let all th' induſtrious bees repair,
Unlade their thighs, and leave their honey there:
Thither let Fairies with their train reſort,
Neglect their revels and their midnight ſport;
There in unuſual wailings waſte the night,
And watch her by the fiery glow-worm's light.
There may no diſmal yew nor cypreſs grow,
Nor holly buſh, nor bitter elder's bough;
Let each unlucky bird far build his neſt,
And diſtant dens receive each howling beaſt;
Let wolves begone, be ravens put to flight,
With hooting owls, and bats, that hate the light.
But let the ſighing doves their ſorrows bring,
And nightingales in ſweet complainings ſing;
Let ſwans from their forſaken rivers fly,
And, ſick'ning at her tomb, make haſte to die,
That they may help to ſing her elegy:
Let Echo, too, in mimick moan deplore,
And cry with me, Paſtora is no more!
"I mourn Paſtora dead, let Albion mourn,
"And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn."

And see! the heav'ns to weep in dew prepare,
And heavy mists obscure the burden'd air;
A sudden damp o'er all the plain is spread,
Each lily folds its leaves, and hangs its head;
On ev'ry tree the blossoms turn to tears,
And ev'ry bough a weeping moisture bears;
Their wings the feather'd airy people droop,
And flocks beneath their dewy fleeces stoop.
The rocks are cleft, and new-descending rills
Furrow the brows of all th' impending hills;
The water-gods to floods their riv'lets turn:
And each with streaming eyes supplies his wanting urn.
The Fawns forsake the woods, the Nymphs the grove
And round the plain in sad distractions rove,
In prickly brakes their tender limbs they tear,
And leave on thorns their locks of golden hair.
With their sharp nails themselves the Satyrs wound,
And tug their shaggy beards, and bite with grief the ground.
Lo, Pan himself, beneath a blasted oak
Dejected lies, his pipe in pieces broke;
See Pales weeping, too, in wild despair,
And to the piercing winds her bosom bare.
And see yond' fading myrtle, where appears
The Queen of Love, all bath'd in flowing tears;
See how she wrings her hands and beats her breast!
And tears her useless girdle from her waist!
Hear the sad murmurs of her sighing doves,
For grief they sigh, forgetful of their loves!

Lo, Love himſelf, with heavy woes oppreſt!
See how his ſorrows ſwell his tender breaſt!
His bow he breaks, and wide his arrows flings,
And folds his little arms, and hangs his drooping wings,
Then lays his limbs upon the dying graſs,
And all with tears bedews his beauteous face;
With tears, which from his folded lids ariſe,
And even Love himſelf has weeping eyes.
All Nature mourns; the floods and rocks deplore,
And cry, with me, Paſtora is no more!
"I mourn Paſtora dead, let Albion mourn,
"And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn."
The rocks can melt, and air in miſts can mourn,
And floods can weep, and winds to ſighs can turn;
The birds in ſongs their ſorrows can diſcloſe,
And Nymphs and Swains in words can tell their woes:
But, oh! behold that deep and wild deſpair
Which neither winds can ſhow, nor floods, nor air.
See the great Shepherd, chief of all the ſwains,
Lord of theſe woods and wide-extended plains,
Stretch'd on the ground, and cloſe to earth his face,
Scalding with tears th' already faded graſs;
To the cold clay he joins his throbbing breaſt,
No more within Paſtora's arms to reſt!
No more! for thoſe once ſoft and circling arms
Themſelves are clay, and cold are all her charms:
Cold are thoſe lips, which he no more muſt kiſs,
And cold that boſom, once all downy bliſs,

On whoſe ſoft pillows, lull'd in ſweet delights,
He us'd in balmy ſleep to loſe the nights.
Ah! where is all that love and fondneſs fled?
Ah! where is all that tender ſweetneſs laid?
To duſt muſt all that heav'n of beauty come!
And muſt Paſtora moulder in the tomb!
Ah, Death! more fierce and unrelenting far
Than wildeſt wolves or ſavage tigers are;
With lambs and ſheep their hungers are appeas'd,
But rav'nous Death the Shepherdeſs has ſeiz'd.
"I mourn Paſtora dead, let Albion mourn,
"And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn."
But ſee, Menalcas, where a ſudden light
With wonder ſtops my ſong and ſtrikes my ſight,
And where Paſtora lies it ſpreads around,
Showing all-radiant bright the ſacred ground,
While from her tomb behold a flame aſcends
Of whiteſt fire, whoſe flight to heav'n extends;
On flaky wings it mounts, and quick as ſight
Cuts thro' the yielding air with rays of light,
Till the blue firmament at laſt it gains,
And fixing there a glorious ſtar remains;
"Faireſt it ſhines of all that light the ſkies,
"As once on earth were ſeen Paſtora's eyes."

THE TEARS OF AMARYLLIS FOR AMYNTAS.

A PASTORAL.

Lamenting the death of

THE LATE LORD MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.

Infcribed to the Right Hon.

THE LORD GODOLPHIN,

LORD HIGH-TREASURER OF ENGLAND.

Qualis populea mærens Philomela fub umbra
Amiffos queritur fetus——————
——————miferabile carmen
Integrat, et mœftis late loca queftibus implet. VIRG.Georg. 4.

'TWAS at the time when new-returning light
With welcome rays begins to cheer the fight,
When grateful birds prepare their thanks to pay,
And warble hymns to hail the dawning day,
When woolly flocks their bleating cries renew,
And from their fleecy fides firft fhake the filver dew;
'Twas then that Amaryllis, heav'nly fair!
Wounded with grief, and wild with her defpair,
Forfook her myrtle bow'r and rofy bed,
To tell the winds her woes, and mourn Amyntas dead.

Who had a heart so hard, that heard her cries,
And did not weep? who such relentless eyes?
Tigers and wolves their wonted rage forego,
And dumb distress and new compassion show,
As taught by her to taste of human woe:
Nature herself attentive silence kept,
And Motion seem'd suspended while she wept;
The rising Sun restrain'd his fiery course,
And rapid Rivers listen'd at their source;
Ev'n Echo fear'd to catch the flying sound,
Lest Repetition should her accents drown;
The very Morning Wind withheld his breeze,
Nor fann'd with fragrant wings the noiseless trees,
As if the gentle Zephyr had been dead,
And in the grave with lov'd Amyntas laid:
No voice, no whisp'ring sigh, no murm'ring groan,
Presum'd to mingle with a mother's moan;
Her cries alone her anguish could express,
All other mourning would have made it less.
Hear me, she cry'd, ye Nymphs and Sylvan Gods!
Inhabitants of these once-lov'd abodes;
Hear my distress, and lend a pitying ear,
Hear my complaint—you would not hear my pray'r:
The loss which you prevented not deplore,
And mourn with me Amyntas, now no more.
Have I not cause, ye cruel Pow'rs! to mourn?
Lives there like me another wretch forlorn?

Tell me, thou Sun! that round the world doſt ſhine,
Haſt thou beheld another loſs like mine?
Ye Winds! who on your wings ſad accents bear,
And catch the ſounds of ſorrow and deſpair,
Tell me if e'er your tender pinions bore
Such weight of wo, ſuch deadly ſighs, before?
Tell me, thou Earth! on whoſe wide-ſpreading baſe
The wretched load is laid of human race,
Doſt thou not feel thyſelf with me oppreſt?
Lie all the dead ſo heavy on thy breaſt?
When hoary Winter on thy ſhrinking head
His icy, cold, depreſſing hand, has laid,
Haſt thou not felt leſs chilneſs in thy veins?
Do I not pierce thee with more freezing pains?
But why to thee do I relate my wo,
Thou cruel Earth! my moſt remorſeleſs foe,
Within whoſe darkſome womb the grave is made,
Where all my joys are with Amyntas laid?
What is 't to me tho' on thy naked head
Eternal Winter ſhould his horrour ſhed,
Tho' all thy nerves were numb'd with endleſs froſt,
And all thy hopes of future ſpring were loſt?
To me what comfort can the ſpring afford?
Can my Amyntas be with ſpring reſtor'd?
Can all the rains that fall from weeping ſkies
Unlock the tomb where my Amyntas lies?
No; never! never!—Say, then, rigid Earth!
What is to me thy everlaſting dearth?

Tho' never flow'r again its head ſhould rear,
Tho' never tree again ſhould bloſſom bear,
Tho' never graſs ſhould clothe the naked ground,
Nor ever healing plant or wholeſome herb be found?
None, none were found when I bewail'd their want;
Nor wholeſome herb was found nor healing plant,
To eaſe Amyntas of his cruel pains;
In vain I ſearch'd the vallies, hills, and plains;
But wither'd leaves alone appear'd to view,
Or pois'nous weeds, diſtilling deadly dew;
And if ſome naked ſtalk, not quite decay'd,
To yield a freſh and friendly bud eſſay'd,
Soon as I reach'd to crop the tender ſhoot,
A ſhrieking mandrake kill'd it at the root.
Witneſs to this, ye Fawns of ev'ry wood!
Who at the prodigy aſtoniſh'd ſtood;
Well I remember what ſad ſigns ye made,
What ſhow'rs of unavailing tears ye ſhed;
How each ran fearful to his moſſy cave,
When the laſt gaſp the dear Amyntas gave:
For then the air was fill'd with dreadful cries,
And ſudden night o'erſpread the darken'd ſkies;
Phantoms, and fiends, and wand'ring fires, appear'd,
And ſcreams of ill-preſaging birds were heard;
The foreſt ſhook, and flinty rocks were cleft,
And frighted ſtreams their wonted channels left,
With frantick grief o'erflowing fruitful ground,
Where many a herd and harmleſs ſwain was drown'd,

While I, forlorn and desolate, was left,
Of ev'ry help, of ev'ry hope, bereft;
To ev'ry element expos'd I lay,
And to my griefs a more defenceless prey.
For thee, Amyntas! all these pains were borne,
For thee these hands were wrung, these hairs were torn;
For thee my soul to sigh shall never leave,
These eyes to weep, this throbbing heart to heave.
To mourn thy fall I'll fly the hated light,
And hide my head in shades of endless night;
For thou wert light, and life, and health, to me;
The sun but thankless shines that shows not thee.
Wert thou not lovely, graceful, good, and young?
The joy of sight, the talk of ev'ry tongue?
Did ever branch so sweet a blossom bear?
Or ever early fruit appear so fair?
Did ever youth so far his years transcend?
Did ever life so immaturely end?
For thee the tuneful swains provided lays,
And ev'ry Muse prepar'd thy future praise:
For thee the busy Nymphs stripp'd ev'ry grove,
And myrtle wreaths and flow'ry chaplets wove:
But now, ah, dismal change! the tuneful throng
To loud lamentings turn the cheerful song:
Their pleasing task the weeping virgins leave,
And with unfinish'd garlands strew thy grave.
There let me fall, there, there lamenting lie;
There grieving grow to earth, despair, and die!

This ſaid, her loud complaint of force ſhe ceas'd,
Exceſs of grief her falt'ring ſpeech ſuppreſs'd:
Along the ground her colder limbs ſhe laid,
Where late the grave was for Amyntas made,
Then from her ſwimming eyes began to pour
Of ſoftly-falling rain a ſilver ſhow'r;
Her looſely-flowing hair, all-radiant bright,
O'erſpread the dewy graſs like ſtreams of light;
As if the ſun had of his beams been ſhorn,
And caſt to earth the glories he had worn:
A ſight ſo lovely ſad, ſuch deep diſtreſs
No tongue can tell, no pencil can expreſs.
And now the winds, which had ſo long been ſtill,
Began the ſwelling air with ſighs to fill;
The water-nymphs, who motionleſs remain'd,
Like images of ice, while ſhe complain'd,
Now looſ'd their ſtreams, as when deſcending rains
Roll the ſteep torrents headlong o'er the plains:
The prone Creation, who ſo long had gaz'd,
Charm'd with her cries, and at her griefs amaz'd,
Began to roar and howl with horrid yell,
Diſmal to hear, and terrible to tell!
Nothing but groans and ſighs were heard around,
And Echo multiply'd each mournful ſound.
When all at once an univerſal pauſe
Of grief was made, as from ſome ſecret cauſe.
The balmy air with fragrant ſcents was fill'd,
As if each weeping tree had gums diſtill'd:

Such, if not ſweeter, was the rich perfume
Which ſwift aſcended from Amyntas' tomb,
As if th'Arabian bird her neſt had fir'd,
And on the ſpicy pile were new expir'd.
    And now the turf, which late was naked ſeen,
Was ſudden ſpread with lively ſpringing green.
And Amaryllis ſaw, with wond'ring eyes,
A flow'ry bed, where ſhe had wept, ariſe:
Thick as the pearly drops the fair had ſhed
The blowing buds advanc'd their purple head;
From ev'ry tear that fell a violet grew,
And thence their ſweetneſs came, and thence their mournful hue.
    Remember this, ye Nymphs and gentle Maids!
When ſolitude ye ſeek in gloomy ſhades,
Or walk on banks where ſilent waters flow,
For there this lonely flow'r will love to grow:
Think on Amyntas oft' as ye ſhall ſtoop
To crop the ſtalks and take 'em ſoftly up:
When in your ſnowy necks their ſweets you wear,
Give a ſoft ſigh, and drop a tender tear!
To lov'd Amyntas pay the tribute due,
And bleſs his peaceful grave where firſt they grew.

TO CYNTHIA,

WEEPING AND NOT SPEAKING.

WHY are thoſe hours which Heav'n in pity lent
To longing love in fruitleſs ſorrow ſpent!
Why ſighs my fair? why does that boſom move
With any paſſion ſtirr'd but riſing love?
Can Diſcontent find place within that breaſt,
On whoſe ſoft pillows ev'n Deſpair might reſt?
Divide thy woes, and give me my ſad part,
I am no ſtranger to an akeing heart;
Too well I know the force of inward grief,
And well can bear it to give you relief:
All love's ſevereſt pangs I can endure;
I can bear pains tho' hopeleſs of a cure:
I know what 't is to weep, and ſigh, and pray,
To wake all night, yet dread the breaking day:
I knew what 't is to wiſh, and hope, and all in vain,
And meet, for humble love, unkind diſdain:
Anger and hate I have been forc'd to bear,
Nay, jealouſy——and I have felt deſpair.
Theſe pains for you I have been forc'd to prove,
For cruel you, when I began to love;
Till warm compaſſion took at length my part,
And melted to my wiſh your yielding heart.

O the dear hour in which you did resign!
When round my neck your willing arms did twine,
And in a kiss you said your heart was mine.
Thro' each returning year may that hour be
Distinguish'd in the rounds of all eternity;
Gay be the sun that hour in all his light,
Let him collect the day to be more bright,
Shine all that hour, and let the rest be night.
And shall I all this heav'n of bliss receive
From you, yet not lament to see you grieve?
Shall I, who nourish'd in my breast desire,
When your cold scorn and frowns forbid the fire,
Now when a mutual flame you have reveal'd,
And the dear union of our souls is seal'd,
When all my joys complete in you I find,
Shall I not share the sorrows of your mind?
O tell me, tell me all—whence does arise
This flood of tears? whence are these frequent sighs?
Why does that lovely head, like a fair flow'r
Oppress'd with drops of a hard-falling show'r,
Bend with its weight of grief, and seem to grow
Downward to earth, and kiss the root of wo?
Lean on my breast, and let me fold thee fast,
Lock'd in these arms think all thy sorrows past;
Or, what remain think lighter made by me;
So I should think, were I so held by thee.
Murmur thy plaints, and gently wound my ears;
Sigh on my lip, and let me drink thy tears;

Join to my cheek thy cold and dewy face,
And let pale Grief to glowing Love give place.
O ſpeak—for wo in ſilence moſt appears;
Speak, ere my fancy magnify my fears.
Is there a cauſe which words cannot expreſs?
Can I not bear a part, nor make it leſs?
I know not what to think—Am I in fault?
I have not, to my knowledge, err'd in thought,
Nor wander'd from my love, nor would I be
Lord of the world to live depriv'd of thee.
You weep afreſh, and at that word you ſtart!
Am I to be depriv'd then?—muſt we part?
Curſe on that word, ſo ready to be ſpoke,
For thro' my lips unmeant by me it broke.
Oh! no; we muſt not, will not, cannot, part,
And my tongue talks unprompted by my heart.
Yet ſpeak, for my diſtraction grows apace,
And racking fears and reſtleſs doubts increaſe;
And fears and doubts to jealouſy will turn,
The hotteſt hell in which a heart can burn.

TO SLEEP.

O sleep! thou flatterer of happy minds,
How soon a troubled breast thy falsehood finds!
Thou common friend, officious in thy aid,
Where no distress is shown, nor want betray'd:
But, oh! how swift, how sure thou art to shun
The wretch by Fortune or by Love undone!
Where are thy gentle dews, thy softer pow'rs,
Which us'd to wait upon my midnight hours!
Why dost thou cease thy hov'ring wings to spread
With friendly shade around my restless bed?
Can no complainings thy compassion move?
Is thy antipathy so strong to love?
O no! thou art the prosp'rous lover's friend,
And dost uncall'd his pleasing toils attend:
With equal kindness and with rival charms,
Thy slumbers lull him in his fair one's arms;
Or from her bosom he to thine retires,
Where sooth'd with ease the panting youth respires,
Till soft repose restore his drooping sense,
And rapture is reliev'd by indolence.
But, oh! what fortune does the lover bear,
Forlorn'd by thee and haunted by Despair!
From racking thoughts by no kind slumber freed,
But painful nights his joyless days succeed.

But why, dull God! do I of thee complain?
Thou didst not cause, nor canst thou ease, my pain.
Forgive what my distracting grief has said,
I own unjustly I thy sloth upbraid;
For oft' I have thy proffer'd aid repell'd,
And my reluctant eyes from rest withheld,
Implor'd the Muse to break thy gentle chains,
And sung with Philomel my nightly strains:
With her I sing, but cease not with her song,
For more enduring woes my lays prolong.
The morning lark to mine accords his note,
And tunes to my distress his warbling throat;
Each setting and each rising sun I mourn,
Wailing alike his absence and return:
And all for thee—What had I well-nigh said?
Let me not name thee, thou too charming Maid!
No—as the wing'd musicians of the grove,
Th' associates of my melody and love,
In moving sounds alone relate their pain,
And not with voice articulate complain;
So shall my Muse my tuneful sorrows sing,
And lose in air her name from whom they spring.
O may no wakeful thoughts her mind molest,
Soft be her slumbers, and sincere her rest:
For her, O Sleep! thy balmy sweets prepare;
The peace I lose for her to her transfer.
Hush'd as the falling dews, whose noiseless show'rs
Impearl the folded leaves of ev'ning flow'rs,

Steal on her brow; and as thofe dews attend,
Till warn'd by waking day to reafcend,
So wait thou for her morn; then gently rife,
And to the world reftore the daybreak of her eyes.

TO A CANDLE.

Thou watchful Taper! by whofe filent light
I lonely pafs the melancholy night;
Thou faithful Witnefs of my fecret pain!
To whom alone I venture to complain,
O learn with me my hopelefs love to moan;
Commiferate a life fo like thy own.
Like thine, my flames to my deftruction turn,
Wafting that heart by which fuppl'y'd they burn:
Like thine, my joy and fuff'ring they difplay,
At once are figns of life and fymptoms of decay:
And as thy fearful flames the day decline,
And only during night prefume to fhine,
Their humble rays not daring to afpire
Before the fun, the fountain of their fire;
So mine with confcious fhame and equal awe,
To fhades obfcure and folitude withdraw,
Nor dare their light before her eyes difclofe,
From whofe bright beams their being firft arofe.

SONGS.

SONG I.

I.

I LOOK'D, and I ſigh'd, and I wiſh'd I could ſpeak,
And very fain would have been at her;
But when I ſtrove moſt my fond paſſion to break,
Still then I ſaid leaſt of the matter.

II.

I ſwore to myſelf, and reſolv'd I would try
Some way my poor heart to recover;
But that was all vain, for I ſooner could die
Than live with forbearing to love her.

III.

Dear Celia! be kind then; and ſince your own eyes
By looks can command adoration,
Give mine leave to talk too, and do not deſpiſe
Thoſe oglings that tell you my paſſion.

IV.

We 'll look, and we 'll love, and tho' neither ſhould ſpeak,
The pleaſure we 'll ſtill be purſuing;
And ſo, without words, I don't doubt we may make
A very good end of this wooing.

SONG II.

False tho' ſhe be to me and love,
I'll ne'er purſue revenge;
For ſtill the charmer I approve,
Tho' I deplore her change.

In hours of bliſs we oft' have met,
They could not always laſt;
And tho' the preſent I regret,
I'm grateful for the paſt.

SONG. III.

I.

Tell me no more I am deceiv'd,
That Cloe's falſe and common;
I always knew (at leaſt believed)
She was a very woman:
As ſuch I lik'd, as ſuch careſs'd;
She ſtill was conſtant when poſſeſs'd,
She could do more for no man.

II.

But, oh! her thoughts on others ran,
And that you think a hard thing;
Perhaps ſhe fancy'd you the man,
And what care I one farthing?

You think ſhe 's falſe, I 'm ſure ſhe 's kind;
I take her body, you her mind;
Who has the better bargain?

SONG IV. IN DIALOGUE,

FOR TWO WOMEN.

I LOVE, and am belov'd again,
Strephon no more ſhall ſigh in vain;
I 've try'd his faith, and found him true,
And all my coyneſs bid adieu.
2. I love, and am belov'd again,
Yet ſtill my Thyrſis ſhall complain;
I 'm ſure he 's mine while I refuſe him,
But when I yield I fear to loſe him.
1. Men will grow faint with tedious faſting.
2. And both will tire with often taſting,
When they find the bliſs not laſting.
1. Love is complete in kind poſſeſſing.
2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the bleſſing.

CHORUS OF BOTH.

" Then let us beware how far we conſent;
" Too ſoon when we yield to late we repent;
" 'Tis ignorance makes men admire;
" And granting deſire
" We feed not the fire,
" But make it more quickly expire."

SONG V.

I.

Cruel Amynta! can you ſee
A heart thus torn which you betray'd?
Love of himſelf ne'er vanquiſh'd me,
But thro' your eyes the conqueſt made.

II.

In ambuſh there the traitor lay,
Where I was led by faithleſs ſmiles:
No wretches are ſo loſt as they
Whom much ſecurity beguiles.

SONG VI.

I.

See, ſee ſhe wakes, Sabina wakes!
And now the ſun begins to riſe;
Leſs glorious is the Morn that breaks
From his bright beams than her fair eyes.

II.

With light united day they give,
But diff'rent fates ere night fulfil:
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldneſs kill!

SONG VII.

I.

Pious Selinda goes to pray'rs
If I but aſk the favour,
And yet the tender fool 's in tears
When ſhe believes I 'll leave her.

II.

Would I were free from this reſtraint,
Or elſe had hopes to win her;
Would ſhe could make of me a ſaint,
Or I of her a ſinner.

PROLOGUE

TO

QUEEN MARY,

Upon her Majesty's coming to see The Old Batchelor, after having seen The Double Dealer.

By this repeated act of grace we see
Wit is again the care of Majesty,
And while thus honour'd our proud stage appears,
We seem to rival ancient theatres.
Thus flourish'd wit in our forefathers' age,
And thus the Roman and Athenian stage.
Whose wit is best we'll not presume to tell,
But this we know, our audience will excel;
For never was in Rome nor Athens seen
So fair a circle and so bright a Queen.
Long has the Muses' land been overcast,
And many rough and stormy winters past,
Hid from the world, and thrown in shades of night,
Of heat depriv'd, and almost void of light,
While wit, a hardy plant, of nature bold,
Has struggled strongly with the killing cold:
So does it still thro' opposition grow,
As if its root was warmer kept by snow;

But when ſhot forth then draws the danger near,
On ev'ry ſide the gath'ring winds appear,
And blaſts deſtroy that fruit which froſts would ſpare:
But now new vigour and new life it knows,
And warmth, that from this royal preſence flows.
  O would ſhe ſhine with rays more frequent here!
How gay would then this drooping land appear!
Then like the ſun with pleaſure ſhe might view
The ſmiling earth cloth'd by her beams anew:
O'er all the meads ſhould various flow'rs be ſeen,
Mix'd with the laurel's never-fading green,
The new creation of a gracious Queen.

PROLOGUE.

TO

PYRRHUS KING OF EPIRUS.

Our age has much improv'd the warriour's art,
For fighting now is thought the weakeſt part,
And a good head more uſeful than a heart.
This way of war does our example yield;
That ſtage will win which longeſt keeps the field.
We mean not battle when we bid defiance,
But ſtarving one another to compliance.
Our troops encamp'd are by each other view'd,
And thoſe which firſt are hungry are ſubdu'd,

And there, in truth, depends the great deciſion;
They conquer who cut off the foe's proviſion.
Let fools with knocks and bruiſes keep a pother,
Our war and trade is to outwit each other.
But hold; will not the politicians tell us
That both our conduct and our foreſight fail us,
To raiſe recruits, and draw new forces down,
Thus in the dead vacation of the Town?
To muſter up our rhymes without our reaſon,
And forage for an audience out of ſeaſon?
Our Author's fears muſt this falſe ſtep excuſe,
'Tis the firſt flight of a juſt-feather'd Muſe:
Th' occaſion ta'en when criticks are away,
Half wits and beaus, thoſe rav'nous birds of prey;
But, Heav'n be prais'd, far hence they vent their
wrath,
Mauling in mild lampoon th' intriguing Bath.
Thus does our Author his firſt flight commence;
Thus againſt friends at firſt with foils we fence;
Thus prudent Gimcrack try'd if he were able
(Ere he'd wet foot) to ſwim upon a table.
Then ſpare the youth; or if you'll damn the play,
Let him but firſt have his, then take your day.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD.

A COMEDY WRITTEN BY MR. J. DRYDEN, JUNIOR.

This year has been remarkable two ways,
For blooming poets and for blaſted plays.
We've been by much appearing plenty mock'd,
At once both tantaliz'd and overſtock'd.
Our authors, too, by their ſucceſs of late,
Begin to think third days are out of date.
What can the cauſe be that our plays wont keep,
Unleſs they have a rot ſome years, like ſheep?
For our parts, we confeſs we're quite aſham'd
To read ſuch weekly bills of poets damn'd.
Each pariſh knows 'tis but a mournful caſe
When chriſt'nings fall and funerals increaſe.
Thus 'tis, and thus 't will be when we are dead,
There will be writers which will ne'er be read.
Why will you be ſuch wits, and write ſuch things?
You're willing to be waſps, but want the ſtings.
Let not your ſpleen provoke you to that height;
'Od's life! you don't know what you do, Sirs, when
you write.

You 'll find that Pegasus has tricks when try'd,
Tho' you make nothing on't but up and ride;
Ladies, and all, i' faith, now get astride.
Contriving characters, and scenes, and plots,
Is grown as common now as knitting knots;
With the same ease and negligence of thought
The charming play is writ and fringe is wrought.
Tho' this be frightful, yet we 're more afraid
When ladies leave, that beaus will take the trade.
Thus far 't is well enough, if here 't would stop,
But should they write we must e'en shut up shop.
How shall we make this mode of writing sink?
A mode, said I! 't is a disease, I think,
A stubborn tetter that 's not cur'd with ink;
For still it spreads till each th' infection takes,
And seizes ten for one that it forsakes.
Our play to-day is sprung from none of these,
Nor should you damn it tho' it does not please,
Since born without the bounds of your four seas:
For if you grant no favour as 't is new,
Yet as a stranger there is something due.
From Rome (to try its fate) this play was sent;
Start not at Rome, for there 's no Pop'ry meant:
Tho' there the poet may his dwelling chuse,
Yet still he knows his country claims his Muse.
Hither an off'ring his first-born he sends,
Whose good or ill success, on you depends:

Yet he has hope some kindness may be shown,
As due to greater merit than his own,
And begs the sire may for the son atone.
There 's his last refuge; if the play do n't take,
Yet spare young Dryden for his father's sake.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COURT,

ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY, 1764.

The happy Muse, to this high scene preferr'd,
Hereafter shall in loftier strains be heard;
And, soaring to transcend her usual theme,
Shall sing of virtue and heroick fame:
No longer shall she toil upon the stage,
And fruitless war with vice and folly wage;
No more in mean disguise she shall appear,
And shapes she would reform be forc'd to wear;
While Ignorance and Malice join to blame,
And break the mirror that reflects their shame.
Henceforth she shall pursue a nobler task,
Show her bright virgin-face, and scorn the Satyr's mask.
Happy her future days! which are design'd
Alone to paint the beauties of the mind;
By just originals to draw with care,
And copy from the Court a faultless fair:

Such labours with ſucceſs her hopes may crown,
And ſhame to manners an incorrigible Town.
While this deſign her eager thought purſues,
Such various virtues all around ſhe views,
She knows not where to fix or which to chuſe;
Yet ſtill ambitious of the daring flight,
One only awes her with ſuperiour light:
From that attempt the conſcious Muſe retires
Nor to inimitable worth aſpires,
But ſecretly applauds, and ſilently admires.
Hence ſhe reflects upon the genial ray
That firſt enliven'd this auſpicious day;
On that bright ſtar to whoſe indulgent pow'r
We owe the bleſſings of the preſent hour;
Concurring omens of propitious fate
Bore, with one ſacred birth an equal date;
Whence we derive whatever we poſſeſs
By foreign conqueſt or domeſtick peace.
Then, Britain! then thy dawn of bliſs began;
Then broke the morn that lighted up this ſun;
Then was it doom'd whoſe councils ſhould ſucceed,
And by whoſe arm the Chriſtian world be freed;
Then the fierce foe was preordain'd to yield,
And then the battle won at Blenheim's glorious field.

EPILOGUE

At the opening of the

Queen's Theatre in the Hay-market with an Italian paſtoral.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BRACEGIRDLE.

WHATEVER future fate our houſe may find,
At preſent we expect you ſhould be kind;
Inconſtancy itſelf can claim no right
Before enjoyment and the wedding-night.
You muſt be fix'd a little ere you range;
You muſt be true till you have time to change.
A week at leaſt; one night is ſure too ſoon,
But we pretend not to a honey-moon.
To novelty we know you can be true,
But what, alas! or who, is always new?
  This day, without preſumption, we pretend
With novelty entire you're entertain'd;
For not alone our houſe and ſcenes are new,
Our ſong and dance, but ev'n our actors too.
Our play itſelf has ſomething in't uncommon,
Two faithful lovers, and one conſtant woman.
In ſweet Italian ſtrains our ſhepherds ſing
Of harmleſs loves, our painted foreſts ring,
In notes, perhaps, leſs foreign than the thing.

To found and ſhow at firſt we make pretence,
In time we may regale you with ſome ſenſe,
But that, at preſent, were too great expenſe.
We only fear the beaus may think it hard
To be to-night from ſmutty jeſts debarr'd;
But in good breeding, ſure, they 'll once excuſe
Ev'n modeſty, when in a ſtranger Muſe.
The day 's at hand when we ſhall ſhift the ſcene,
And to yourſelves ſhow your dear ſelves again;
Paint the reverſe of what you 've ſeen to-day,
And in bold ſtrokes the vicious Town diſplay.

EPILOGUE

TO

OROONOKO.

SPOKEN BY MRS. VERBRUGGEN.

You ſee we try all ſhapes, and ſhifts, and arts,
To tempt your favours and regain your hearts.
We weep, and laugh, join mirth and grief together,
Like rain and ſunſhine mix'd in April weather.
Your different taſtes divide our poet's cares;
One foot the ſock, t' other the buſkin wears:
Thus while he ſtrives to pleaſe, he 's forc'd to do 't,
Like Volſcius, hip-hop in a ſingle boot.
Criticks, he knows, for this may damn his books;
But he makes feaſts for friends, and not for cooks.

Tho' errant-knights of late no favour find,
Sure you will be to ladies-errant kind.
To follow fame knights-errant make profeſſion,
We damſels fly to ſave our reputation;
So they their valour ſhow, we our diſcretion.
To lands of monſters and fierce beaſts they go,
We to thoſe iſlands where rich huſbands grow;
Tho' they're no monſters we may make them ſo.
If they're of Engliſh growth they'll bear't with patience;
But ſave us from a ſpouſe of Oroonoko's nations!
Then bleſs your ſtars, you happy London Wives!
Who love at large each day, yet keep your lives;
Nor envy poor Imoinda's doting blindneſs,
Who thought her huſband kill'd her out of kindneſs.
Death with a huſband ne'er had ſhown ſuch charms,
Had ſhe once dy'd within a lover's arms:
Her errour was from ignorance proceeding;
Poor Soul! ſhe wanted ſome of our Town breeding.
Forgive this Indian's fondneſs of her ſpouſe;
Their law no Chriſtian liberty allows:
Alas! they make a conſcience of their vows!
If virtue in a Heathen be a fault,
Then damn the Heathen ſchool where ſhe was taught.
She might have learn'd to cuckold, jilt, and ſham,
Had Covent-Garden been in Surinam.

MISCELLANIES.

THE BIRTH OF THE MUSE.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori. HOR.

Descend, celeſtial Muſe! thy ſon inſpire
Of thee to ſing; infuſe the holy fire.
Belov'd of gods and men! thyſelf diſcloſe;
Say from what ſource thy heav'nly pow'r aroſe,
Which from unnumber'd years deliv'ring down
The deeds of heroes deathleſs in renown,
Extends their life and fame to ages yet unknown.
  Time and the Muſe ſet forth with equal pace;
At once the rivals ſtarted to the race;
And both at once the deſtin'd courſe ſhall end,
Or both to all eternity contend;
One to preſerve what t' other cannot ſave,
And reſcue virtue riſing from the grave.
  To thee, O Montague! theſe ſtrains are ſung,
For thee my voice is tun'd and ſpeaking lyre is ſtrung;

For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muse is thine,
In thee their various fires united shine,
Darling of Phœbus and the tuneful Nine!
To thee alone I dare my song commend,
Whose nature can forgive and pow'r defend,
And show by turns the patron and the friend.
 Begin, my Muse! from Jove derive thy song,
Thy song of right does first to Jove belong;
For thou thyself art of celestial seed,
Nor dare a sire inferiour boast the breed.
When first the frame of this vast ball was made,
And Jove with joy the finish'd work survey'd,
Vicissitude of things, of men and states,
Their rise and fall, were destin'd by the Fates;
Then Time had first a name, by firm decree
Appointed lord of all futurity,
Within whose ample bosom Fates repose
Causes of things, and secret seeds inclose,
Which rip'ning there shall one day gain a birth,
And force a passage thro' the teeming earth.
To him they give to rule the spacious light,
And bound the yet unparted day and night;
To wing the hours that whirl the rolling sphere,
To shift the seasons, and conduct the year.
Duration of dominion and of pow'r
To him prescribe, and fix each fated hour.
This mighty rule to Time the Fates ordain,
But yet to hard conditions bind his reign;

For ev'ry beauteous birth he brings to light,
(How good soe'er and grateful in his sight)
He must again to native earth restore,
And all his race with iron teeth devour:
Nor good nor great shall 'scape his hungry maw,
But bleeding Nature prove the rigid law.

Not yet the loosen'd earth aloft was flung,
Or pois'd amid the skies in balance hung;
Nor yet did golden fires the sun adorn,
Or borrow'd lustre silver Cynthia's horn;
Nor yet had Time commission to begin,
Or Fate the many-twisted web to spin;
When all the heav'nly host assembled came
To view the world yet resting on its frame;
Eager they press to see the Sire dismiss,
And roll the globe along the vast abyss.

When deep-revolving thoughts the God retain,
Which for a space suspend the promis'd scene,
Once more his eyes on Time intentive look,
Again inspect Fate's universal book;
Abroad the wondrous volume he displays,
And present views the deeds of future days.

A beauteous scene adorns the foremost page,
Where Nature's bloom presents the Golden Age:
The Golden leaf to Silver soon resigns,
And fair the sheet, but yet more faintly, shines:
Of baser Brass, the next denotes the times,
An impious page, deform'd with deadly crimes:

The fourth yet wears a worſe and browner face,
And adds to gloomy days an Iron race.
* He turns the book, and ev'ry age reviews,
Then all the kingly line his eye purſues;
The firſt of men, and Lords of Earth deſign'd,
Who under him ſhould govern humankind.
Of future heroes there the lives he reads,
In ſearch of glory ſpent and godlike deeds,
Who empires found, and goodly cities build,
And ſavage men compel to leave the field.
All this he ſaw, and all he ſaw approv'd;
When, lo! but thence a narrow ſpace remov'd,
And hungry Time has all the ſcene deſac'd,
* The kings deſtroy'd, and laid the kingdoms waſte:
Together all in common ruins lie,
And but anon, and ev'n the ruins die.
Th' Almighty, inly touch'd, compaſſion found,
To ſee great actions in oblivion drown'd,
And forward ſearch'd the roll, to find if Fate
Had no reſerve to ſpare the good and great.
Bright in his view the Trojan heroes ſhine,
And Ilian ſtructures rais'd by hands divine;
But Ilium ſoon in native duſt is laid,
And all her boaſted pile a ruin made:
Nor great Æneas can her fall withſtand,
But flies, to ſave his gods, to foreign land.
The Roman race ſucceed the Dardan ſtate,
And firſt and ſecond Cæſar, godlike great.

Still on to after-days his eyes deſcend,
And riſing heroes ſtill the ſearch attend.
Proceeding thus he many empires paſt,
When fair Britannia fix'd his ſight at laſt.
  Above the waves ſhe lifts her ſilver head,
And looks a Venus born from Ocean's bed.
For rolling years her happy fortunes ſmile,
And fates propitious bleſs the beauteous iſle:
To worlds remote ſhe wide extends her reign,
And wields the trident of the ſtormy main.
Thus on the baſe of empire firm ſhe ſtands,
While bright Eliza rules the willing lands.
  But ſoon a low'ring ſky comes on apace,
And fate revers'd ſhows an ill-omen'd face;
The void of heav'n a gloomy horrour fills,
And cloudy veils involve her ſhining hills;
Of greatneſs paſs'd no footſteps ſhe retains,
Sunk in a ſeries of inglorious reigns.
She feels the change, and deep regrets the ſhame
Of honours loſt, and her diminiſh'd name;
Conſcious, ſhe ſeeks from day to ſhroud her head,
And glad would ſhrink beneath her oozy bed.
  Thus far the ſacred leaves Britannia's woes
In ſhady draughts and duſky lines diſcloſe;
Th' enſuing ſcene revolves a martial age,
And ardent colours gild the glowing page.
  Behold! of radiant light an orb ariſe,
Which kindling day reſtores the darken'd ſkies;

And fee! on feas the beamy ball defcends,
And now its courfe to fair Britannia bends;
Along the foamy main the billows bear
The floating fire, and waft the fhining fphere.
Hail, happy Omen! hail, aufpicious Sight!
Thou glorious guide to yet a greater light;
For fee! a prince, whom dazzling arms array,
Purfuing clofely ploughs the wat'ry way,
Tracing the glory thro' the flaming fea.

Britannia! rife; awake, O faireft Ifle!
From iron fleep; again thy fortunes fmile.
Once more look up, the mighty man behold,
Whofe reign renews the former Age of Gold.
The Fates at length the blifsful web have fpun,
And bid it round in endlefs circles run:
Again fhall diftant lands confefs thy fway,
Again the wat'ry world thy rule obey;
Again thy martial fons fhall thirft for fame,
And win in foreign fields a deathlefs name;
For William's genius ev'ry foul infpires,
And warms the frozen youth with warlike fires.
Already, fee! the hoftile troops retreat,
And feem forewarn'd of their impending fate;
Already routed foes his fury feel,
And fly the force of his unerring fteel.
The haughty Gaul, who well till now might boaft
A matchlefs fword and unrefifted hoft,

At his foreseen approach the field forsakes,
His cities tremble and his empire shakes:
His tow'ring ensigns long had aw'd the plain,
And fleets audaciously usurp'd the main;
A gath'ring storm he seem'd, which from afar
Teem'd with a deluge of destructive war,
Till William's stronger genius soar'd above,
And down the skies the daring tempest drove.
So from the radiant sun retires the night,
And western clouds shot thro' with orient light;
So when th' assuming god, whom storms obey,
To all the warring winds at once gave way,
The frantick brethren ravag'd all around,
And rocks, and woods, and shores, their rage resound;
Incumbent o'er the main, at length they sweep
The liquid plains, and raise the peaceful deep;
But when superiour Neptune leaves his bed,
His trident shakes, and shows his awful head,
The madding winds are hush'd, the tempests cease,
And ev'ry rolling surge resides in peace.

And now the sacred leaf a landscape wears,
Where heav'n serene, and air unmov'd, appears;
The rose and lily paint the verdant plains,
And palm and olive shade the sylvan scenes;
The peaceful Thames beneath his banks abides,
And soft and still the silver surface glides;
The zephyrs fan the fields, the whisp'ring breeze
With fragrant breath remurmurs thro' the trees;

The warbling birds, applauding new-born light,
In wanton measures wing their airy flight:
Above the floods the finny race repair,
And bound aloft, and bask in upper air;
They gild their scaly backs in Phœbus' beams,
And scorn to skim the level of the streams:
Whole Nature wears a gay and joyous face,
And blooms and ripens with the fruits of peace.
No more the lab'ring hind regrets his toil,
But cheerfully manures the grateful soil;
Secure, the glebe a plenteous crop will yield,
And golden Ceres grace the waving field.
Th' advent'rous man, who durst the deep explore,
Oppose the winds, and tempt the shelvy shore,
Beneath his roof now tastes unbroken rest,
Enough with native wealth and plenty blest.
No more the forward youth pursues alarms,
Nor leaves the sacred arts for stubborn arms;
No more the mothers from their hopes are torn,
Nor weeping maids the promis'd lover mourn;
No more the widows' shrieks and orphans' cries
Torment the patient air and pierce the skies;
But peaceful joys the prosp'rous times afford,
And banish'd Virtue is again restor'd.
And he whose arms alone sustain'd the toil,
And propp'd the nodding frame of Britain's isle,
By whose illustrious deeds her leaders fir'd,
Have honours lost retriev'd, and new acquir'd,

With equal ſway will Virtue's laws maintain,
And, good as great, in awful peace ſhall reign;
For his example ſtill the rule ſhall give,
And thoſe it taught to conquer teach to live.
Proceeding on, the Father ſtill unfolds
Succeeding leaves, and brighter ſtill beholds;
The lateſt ſeen the faireſt ſeems to ſhine,
Yet ſudden does to one more fair reſign.
Th' Eternal paus'd———
Nor would Britannia's fate beyond explore;
Enough he ſaw beſides the coming ſtore:
Enough the hero had already done,
And round the wide extent of glory run,
Nor further now the ſhining path purſues,
But like the ſun the ſame bright race renews.
And ſhall remorſeleſs Fates on him have pow'r?
Or Time unequally ſuch worth devour?
Then wherefore ſhall the brave for fame conteſt?
Why is this man diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
Whoſe ſoaring genius now ſublime aſpires,
And deathleſs fame, the due reward, requires?
Approving Heav'n th' exalted virtue views,
Nor can the claim which it approves refuſe.
The great Creator ſoon the grant reſolves,
And in his mighty mind the means revolves.
He thought, nor doubted once again to chuſe,
But ſpake the word, and made th' immortal Muſe.

Ne'er did his pow'r produce ſo bright a child,
On whoſe creation infant Nature ſmil'd:
Perfect at firſt, a finiſh'd form ſhe wears,
And youth perpetual in her face appears.
Th' aſſembled gods, who long expecting ſtaid,
With new delight gaze on the lovely maid,
And think the wiſh'd-for world was well delay'd.
Nor did the Sire himſelf his joy diſguiſe,
But ſtedfaſt view'd, and fix'd, and fed his eyes:
Intent a ſpace, at length he ſilence broke,
And thus the God the heav'nly fair beſpoke.
"To thee, immortal Maid! from this bleſs'd hour,
"O'er time and fame I give unbounded pow'r.
"Thou from oblivion ſhalt the hero ſave;
"Shalt raiſe, revive, immortalize, the brave.
"To thee the Dardan prince ſhall owe his fame;
"To thee the Cæſars their eternal name.
"Eliza, ſung by thee, with Fate ſhall ſtrive,
"And long as time in ſacred verſe ſurvive.
"And yet, O Muſe! remains the nobleſt theme;
"The firſt of men, mature for endleſs fame,
"Thy future ſongs ſhall grace, and all thy lays,
"Thenceforth, alone ſhall wait on William's praiſe:
"On his heroick deeds thy verſe ſhall riſe;
"Thou ſhalt diffuſe the fires that he ſupplies:
"Thro' him thy ſongs ſhall more ſublime aſpire,
"And he thro' them ſhall deathleſs fame acquire:

"Nor Time nor Fate his glory ſhall oppoſe,
"Or blaſt the monuments the Muſe beſtows."
This ſaid, no more remain'd. Th' ethereal hoſt
Again impatient crowd the cryſtal coaſt.
The father now, within his ſpacious hands
Encompaſs'd all the mingled maſs of ſeas and lands,
And having heav'd aloft the pond'rous ſphere,
He lanch'd the world to float in ambient air.

THE RECONCILIATION.

RECITATIVE.

Fair Celia love pretended,
And nam'd the myrtle bow'r,
Where Damon long attended
Beyond the promis'd hour.
At length impatient growing
Of anxious expectation,
His heart with rage o'erflowing,
He vented thus his paſſion.

ODE.

"To all the ſex deceitful
"A long and laſt adieu,
"Since women prove ungrateful
"As oft' as men prove true.
"The pains they cauſe are many,
"And long and hard to bear,
"The joys they give (if any)
"Few, ſhort, and unſincere."

RECITATIVE.

But Celia now repenting
Her breach of affignation,
Arriv'd with eyes confenting,
And fparkling inclination.
Like Citherea fmiling,
She blufh'd, and laid his paffion;
The fhepherd ceas'd reviling,
And fung this recantation.

PALINODE.

"How engaging, how endearing,
"Is a lover's pain and care!
"And what joy the nymph's appearing
"After abfence or defpair!
"Women wife increafe defiring,
"By contriving kind delays,
"And advancing or retiring,
"All they mean is more to pleafe."

THE PETITION.

Grant me, gentle Love! faid I,
One dear bleffing ere I die;
Long I've borne excefs of pain,
Let me now fome blifs obtain.
Thus to almighty Love I cry'd,
When angry, thus the god reply'd:

Bleffings greater none can have,
Art thou not Amynta's flave?
Ceafe, fond Mortal! to implore,
For Love, Love himfelf 's no more.

ABSENCE.

Ah! what pains, what racking thoughts, he proves,
Who lives remov'd from her he deareft loves!
In cruel Abfence doom'd paft joys to mourn,
And think on hours that will no more return.
Oh! let me ne'er the pangs of Abfence try;
Save me from Abfence, Love! or let me die.

AMORET.

I.

Fair Amoret is gone aftray,
Purfue and feek her ev'ry lover;
I'll tell the figns by which you may
The wand'ring fhepherdefs difcover.

II.

Coquette and coy at once her air,
Both ftudy'd, tho' both feem neglected;
Carelefs fhe is, with artful care
Affecting to feem unaffected.

III.

With skill her eyes dart sw'ry glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em,
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Tho' certain aim and art direct 'em.

IV.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes;
And while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

LESBIA.

When Lesbia first I saw so heav'nly fair,
With eyes so bright, and with that awful air,
I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his who snatch'd celestial fire;
But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke,
Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
And what her eyes enthrall'd her tongue unbound.

DORIS.

Doris, a nymph of riper age,
Has every grace and art;
A wise obser'er to engage
Or wound a heedless heart.

Of native blush and rosy dye
Time has her cheek bereft,
Which makes the prudent nymph supply
With paint th' injurious theft.
Her sparkling eyes she still retains,
And teeth, in good repair,
And her well-furnish'd front disdains
To grace with borrow'd hair.
Of size she is nor short nor tall,
And does to fat incline
No more than what the French would call
Aimable embonpoint.
Farther her person to disclose
I leave—let it suffice
She has few faults but what she knows,
And can with skill disguise.
She many lovers has refus'd,
With many more comply'd,
Which like her clothes when little us'd,
She always lays aside.
She 's one who looks with great contempt
On each affected creature,
Whose nicety would seem exempt
From appetites of nature.
She thinks they want or health or sense
Who want an inclination,
And therefore never takes offence
At him who pleads his passion.

Whom ſhe refuſes ſhe treats ſtill
With ſo much ſweet behaviour,
That her refuſal, thro' her ſkill,
Looks almoſt like a favour.

Since ſhe this ſoftneſs can expreſs
To thoſe whom ſhe rejects,
She muſt be very fond, you 'll gueſs
Of ſuch whom ſhe affects.

But here our Doris far outgoes
All that her ſex have done;
She no regard for cuſtom knows,
Which reaſon bids her ſhun.

By reaſon her own reaſon's meant,
Or, if you pleaſe, her will;
For when this laſt is diſcontent,
The firſt is ſerv'd but ill.

Peculiar, therefore, is her way;
Whether by Nature taught
I ſhall not undertake to ſay,
Or by experience bought.

But who o'er night obtain'd her grace,
She can next day diſown,
And ſtare upon the ſtrange man's face
As one ſhe ne'er had known.

So well ſhe can the truth diſguiſe,
Such artful wonder frame,
The lover or diſtruſts his eyes,
Or thinks 't was all a dream.

Some cenſure this as lewd and low,
Who are to bounty blind;
For to forget what we beſtow
Beſpeaks a noble mind.
Doris our thanks nor aſks nor needs,
For all her favours done
From her love flows, as light proceeds
Spontaneous from the ſun.
On one or other ſtill her fires
Diſplay their genial force,
And ſhe, like Sol, alone retires,
To ſhine elſewhere of courſe.

A HYMN TO HARMONY.

IN HONOUR OF

ST. CECILIA'S DAY, MDCCI.

SET TO MUSICK BY MR. JOHN ECCLES.

I.

O HARMONY! to thee we ſing,
To thee the grateful tribute bring
Of ſacred verſe and ſweet reſounding lays,
Thy aid invoking while thy pow'r we praiſe.
All hail to thee
All-pow'rful Harmony!
Wiſe Nature owns thy undiſputed ſway,
Her wondrous works reſigning to thy care;

The planetary orbs thy rule obey,
And tuneful roll unerring in their way,
Thy voice informing each melodious ſphere.

CHORUS.

" All hail to thee
" All-pow'rful Harmony!"

II.

Thy voice, O Harmony! with awful ſound
Could penetrate th' abyſs profound,
Explore th' realms of ancient Night,
And ſearch the living ſource of unborn light.
Confuſion heard thy voice and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquiſh'd head.
Then didſt thou, Harmony! give birth
To this fair form of heav'n and earth;
Then all thoſe ſhining worlds above
In myſtick dance began to move
Around the radiant ſphere of central fire,
A never-ceaſing never-ſilent choir.

CHORUS.

" Confuſion heard thy voice and fled,
" And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquiſh'd head."

III.

Thou only, Goddeſs! firſt couldſt tell
The mighty charms in Numbers found,
And didſt to heav'nly minds reveal
The ſecret force of tuneful ſound.
When firſt Cyllenius form'd the lyre,
Thou didſt the god inſpire;

When firſt the vocal ſhell he ſtrung,
To which the Muſes ſung,
Then firſt the Muſes ſung: melodious ſtrains Apollo
And muſick firſt begun by thy auſpicious aid. [play'd,
Hark, hark! again Urania ſings;
Again Apollo ſtrikes the trembling ſtrings;
And ſee! the liſt'ning deities around
Attend inſatiate, and devour the ſound.

CHORUS.

" Hark, hark! again Urania ſings;
" Again Apollo ſtrikes the trembling ſtrings;
" And ſee! the liſt'ning deities around
" Attend inſatiate, and devour the ſound."

IV.

Deſcend, Urania! heav'nly fair!
To the relief of this afflicted world repair;
See how, with various woes oppreſs'd,
The wretched race of men is worn;
Conſum'd with cares, with doubts diſtreſs'd,
Or by conflicting paſſions torn.
Reaſon in vain employs her aid,
The furious Will on Fancy waits,
While Reaſon, ſtill by hopes or fears betray'd,
Too late advances or too ſoon retreats.
Muſick alone with ſudden charms can bind
The wand'ring ſenſe, and calm the troubled mind.

CHORUS.

" Muſick alone with ſudden charms can bind
" The wand'ring ſenſe, and calm the troubled mind."

V.

Begin the pow'rful ſong, ye ſacred Nine!
Your inſtruments and voices join;
Harmony, peace, and ſweet deſire,
In ev'ry breaſt inſpire:
Revive the melancholy drooping heart,
And ſoft repoſe to reſtleſs thoughts impart.
Appeaſe the wrathful mind,
To dire revenge and death inclin'd;
With balmy ſounds his boiling blood aſſuage,
And melt to mild remorſe his burning rage.
'Tis done; and now tumultuous paſſions ceaſe,
And all is huſh'd, and all is peace:
The weary world with welcome eaſe is bleſt,
By muſick lull'd to pleaſing reſt.

CHORUS.

"'Tis done; and now tumultuous paſſions ceaſe,
"And all is huſh'd, and all is peace:
"The weary world with welcome eaſe is bleſt,
"By muſick lull'd to pleaſing reſt."

VI.

Ah! ſweet repoſe, too ſoon expiring!
Ah! fooliſh Man! new toils requiring!
Curs'd ambition, ſtrife purſuing,
Wakes the world to war and ruin.
See, ſee! the battle is prepar'd!
Behold the hero comes!
Loud trumpets with ſhrill fifes are heard,
And hoarſe-reſounding drums.

War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,
The harmony of Peace destroys.

CHORUS.

"War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,
"The harmony of Peace destroys."

VII.

See the forsaken fair, with streaming eyes,
Her parting lover mourn;
She weeps, she sighs, despairs, and dies,
And watchful wastes the lonely livelong nights
Bewailing past delights
That may no more, no, never more, return.
O! sooth her cares
With softest sweetest airs,
Till victory and peace restore
Her faithful lover to her tender breast,
Within her folding arms to rest,
Thence never to be parted more,
No, never to be parted more.

CHORUS.

"Let victory and peace restore
"Her faithful lover to her tender breast,
"Within her folding arms to rest,
"Thence never to be parted more,
"No, never to be parted more."

VIII.

Enough, Urania! heav'nly fair!
Now to thy native skies repair,

And rule again the ſtarry ſphere;
Cecilia comes with holy rapture fill'd,
To eaſe the world of care.
Cecilia! more than all the Muſes ſkill'd!
Phœbus himſelf to her muſt yield,
And at her feet lay down
His golden harp and laurel crown.
The ſoft enervate lyre is drown'd
In the deep organ's more majeſtick ſound.
In peals the ſwelling notes aſcend the ſkies,
Perpetual breath the ſwelling notes ſupplies,
And, laſting as her name
Who form'd the tuneful frame,
Th' immortal muſick never dies.

GRAND CHORUS.

"Cecilia! more than all the Muſes ſkill'd!
"Phœbus himſelf to her muſt yield,
"And at her feet lay down
"His golden harp and laurel crown.
"The ſoft enervate lyre is drown'd
"In the deep organ's more majeſtick ſound.
"In peals the ſwelling notes aſcend the ſkies,
"Perpetual breath the ſwelling notes ſupplies,
"And, laſting as her name
"Who form'd the tuneful frame,
"Th' immortal muſick never dies."

Occasioned on a

LADY'S

Having writ

VERSES IN COMMENDATION OF A POEM

which was written in praise of another lady.

HARD is the task, and bold the advent'rous flight,
Of him who dares in praise of Beauty write,
For when to that high theme our thoughts ascend,
'Tis to detract too poorly to commend:
And he who praising Beauty, does no wrong,
May boast to be successful in his song:
But when the fair themselves approve his lays,
And one accepts, and one vouchsafes to praise,
His wide ambition knows no farther bound,
Nor can his Muse with brighter fame be crown'd.

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF

GRACE, LADY GETHIN,

Occasioned by reading her Book, entitled

RELIQUIÆ GETHINIANÆ.

AFTER a painful life in study spent,
The learn'd themselves their ignorance lament;

And aged men, whose lives exceed the space
Which seems the bound prescrib'd to mortal race,
With hoary heads their short experience grieve,
As doom'd to die before they 've learn'd to live:
So hard it is true knowledge to attain,
So frail is life, and fruitless human pain!
Whoe'er on this reflects, and then beholds,
With strict attention, what this Book unfolds,
With admiration struck, shall question who
So very long could live so much to know?
For so complete the finish'd piece appears,
That learning seems combin'd with length of years,
And both improv'd by purest wit, to reach
At all that study or that time can teach.
But to what height must his amazement rise
When having read the Work, he turns his eyes
Again to view the foremost op'ning page,
And there the beauty, sex, and tender age,
Of her beholds, in whose pure mind arose
Th' ethereal source from whence this current flows!
When prodigies appear our reason fails,
And superstition o'er philosophy prevails,
Some heav'nly minister we straight conclude,
Some angel-mind with female form indu'd,
To make a short abode on earth, was sent,
(Where no perfection can be permanent)
And having left her bright example here,
Was quick recall'd, and bid to disappear.

Whether around the throne eternal hymns
She ſings, amid the choir of ſeraphims,
Or ſome refulgent ſtar informs and guides,
Where ſhe, the bleſs'd intelligence, preſides,
Is not for us to know who here remain,
For 'twere as impious to inquire as vain;
And all we ought or can, in this dark ſtate,
Is what we have admir'd to imitate.

EPIGRAM

Written after the deceaſe of

MRS. ARABELLA HUNT,

under her picture drawn playing on a lute.

Were there on earth another voice like thine,
Another hand ſo bleſs'd with ſkill divine,
The late afflicted world ſome hopes might have,
And harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

EPITAPH

UPON ROBERT HUNTINGTON OF STANTON HARCOURT, ESQ. AND ROBERT HIS SON.

This peaceful tomb does now contain
Father and ſon, together laid,
Whoſe living virtues ſhall remain
When they and this are quite decay'd.

What man should be, to ripeness grown,
And finish'd worth should do or shun,
At full was in the father shown,
What youth could promise in the son.

But Death, obdurate, both destroy'd
The perfect fruit and op'ning bud;
First seiz'd those sweets we had enjoy'd,
Then robb'd us of the coming good.

IMITATIONS.

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE, LIB. I. ODE IX.

Vides ut alta, &c.

I.

Bless me! 'tis cold; how chill the air!
How naked does the world appear!
But fee (big with the offspring of the North)
The teeming clouds bring forth;
A ſhow'r of ſoft and fleecy rain
Falls, to new-clothe the world again.
Behold the mountain-tops around,
As if with fur of ermins crown'd;
And, lo! how by degrees
The univerſal mantle hides the trees.
In hoary flakes which downward fly,
As if it were the autumn of the ſky!
Trembling the groves ſuſtain the weight, and bow
Like aged limbs, which feebly go
Beneath a venerable head of ſnow.

II.

Diffuſive cold does the whole earth invade,
Like a diſeaſe thro' all its veins 'tis ſpread,
And each late living ſtream is numb'd and dead.
Let 's melt the frozen hours, make warm the air;
Let cheerful fires Sol's feeble beams repair:

Fill the large bowl with ſparkling wine;
Let 's drink till our own faces ſhine,
Till we like ſuns appear
To light and warm the hemiſphere.
Wine can diſpenſe to all both light and heat,
They are with wine incorporate;
That pow'rful juice, with which no cold dares mix,
Which ſtill is fluid, and no froſt can fix,
Let that but in abundance flow,
And let it ſtorm and thunder, hail and ſnow;
'Tis heav'n's concern; and let it be
The care of Heav'n ſtill for me.
Theſe winds, which rend the oaks and plough the ſeas,
Great Jove can, if he pleaſe,
With one commanding nod appeaſe.

III.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom;
That is not ours which is to come.
The preſent moment 's all our ſtore;
The next ſhould Heav'n allow,
Then this will be no more:
So all our life is but one inſtant now.
Look on each day you 've paſt
To be a mighty treaſure won,
And lay each moment out in haſte;
We 're ſure to live too faſt,
And cannot live too ſoon.

Youth does a thouſand pleaſures bring,
Which from decrepit age will fly.
The flow'rs that flouriſh in the ſpring,
In Winter's cold embraces die.

IV.

Now Love, that everlaſting boy! invites
To revel while you may in ſoft delights:
Now the kind nymph yields all her charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful arms.
Slowly ſhe premiſes at night to meet,
But eagerly prevents the hour with ſwifter feet:
To gloomy groves and obſcure ſhades ſhe flies,
There veils the bright confeſſion of her eyes:
Unwillingly ſhe ſtays,
Would more unwillingly depart,
And in ſoft ſighs conveys
The whiſpers of her heart.
Still ſhe invites and ſtill denies,
And vows ſhe 'll leave you if you 're rude,
Then from her raviſher ſhe flies,
But flies to be purſu'd:
If from his ſight ſhe does herſelf convey,
With a feign'd laugh ſhe will herſelf betray,
And cunningly inſtruct him in the way.

STANZAS

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE, LIB. II. ODE XIV.

Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni, &c.

I.

Ah! no, 't is all in vain, believe me 'tis,
This pious artifice:
Not all these pray'rs and alms can buy
One moment tow'rd eternity.
Eternity! that boundless race
Which Time himself can never run,
(Swift as he flies with an unwearied pace)
Which, when ten thousand thousand years are done,
Is still the same, and still to be begun.
Fix'd are those limits which prescribe
A short extent to the most lasting breath;
And tho' thou couldst for sacrifice lay down
Millions of other lives to save thy own,
'Twere fruitless all; not all would bribe
One supernumerary gasp from Death.

II.

In vain 's thy inexhausted store
Of wealth, in vain thy pow'r;
Thy honours, titles, all must fail,
Where piety itself can nought avail.

The rich, the great, the innocent, and just,
Must all be huddled to the grave
With the most vile and ignominious slave,
And undistinguish'd lie in dust.
In vain the fearful flies alarms,
In vain he is secure from wounds of arms,
In vain avoids the faithless seas,
And is confin'd to home and ease,
Bounding his knowledge to extend his days:
In vain are all those arts we try,
All our evasions and regret to die;
From the contagion of mortality
No clime is pure, no air is free;
And no retreat
Is so obscure as to be hid from Fate.

III.

Thou must, alas! thou must, my Friend,
(The very hour thou now dost spend
In studying to avoid brings on thy end)
Thou must forego the dearest joys of life,
Leave the warm bosom of thy tender wife,
And all the much-lov'd offspring of her womb,
To moulder in the cold embraces of a tomb.
All must be left, and all be lost;
Thy house, whose stately structure so much cost,
Shall not afford
Room for the stinking carcass of its lord.
Of all thy pleasant gardens, grots, and bow'rs,
Thy costly [illegible], thy far-fetch'd plants and flow'rs,

Nought ſhalt thou ſave,
Or but a ſprig of roſemary ſhalt have,
To wither with thee in the grave:
The reſt ſhall live and flouriſh, to upbraid
Their tranſitory maſter dead.

IV.

Then ſhall thy long-expecting heir
A joyful mourning wear,
And riot in the waſte of that eſtate
Which thou haſt taken ſo much pains to get:
All thy hid ſtores he ſhall unfold,
And ſet at large thy captive gold.
That precious wine, condemn'd by thee
To vaults and priſons, ſhall again be free;
Bury'd alive tho' now it lies,
Again ſhall riſe,
Again its ſparkling ſurface ſhow,
And free as element profuſely flow.
With ſuch high food he ſhall ſet forth his feaſts,
That Cardinals ſhall wiſh to be his gueſts,
And pamper'd prelates ſee
Themſelves outdone in luxury.

TRANSLATIONS.

PRIAM'S

LAMENTATION AND PETITION

TO

ACHILLES

FOR THE BODY OF HIS SON HECTOR.

Tranſlated from the Greek of Homer, Ἰλιάδ. ω.

Beginning at this line,

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν, Ὄλυμπον
Ἑρμείας:————

The Argument Introductory.

HECTOR'S body, (after he was ſlain) remained ſtill in the poſſeſſion of Achilles, for which Priam made great lamentation. Jupiter had pity on him, and ſent Iris to comfort him, and direct him after what manner he ſhould go to Achilles' tent, and how he ſhould there ranſom the body of his ſon. Priam accordingly orders his chariot to be got ready, and, preparing rich preſents for Achilles, ſets forward to the Grecian camp, accompanied by nobody but his herald Idæus. Mercury, at Jupiter's command, meets him by the way, in the figure of a young Grecian, and, after bemoaning his misfortunes, undertakes to drive his chariot, unobſerved, through the guards, and to the door of Achilles' tent; which having performed, he diſcovered himſelf a god, and giving him a ſhort inſtruction how to move Achilles to compaſſion, flew up to heaven.

So ſpake the god, and heav'nward took his flight;
When Priam from his chariot did alight,
Leaving Idæus there, alone he went,
With ſolemn pace into Achilles' tent.
Heedleſs he paſs'd thro' various rooms of ſtate,
Until approaching where the hero ſat;

There at a feaſt the good old Priam found
Jove's beſt belov'd, with all his chiefs around:
Two only were t' attend his perſon plac'd,
Automedon and Alcymus; the reſt
At greater diſtance greater ſtate expreſt.
Priam unſeen by theſe, his way purſu'd,
And firſt of all was by Achilles view'd:
About his knees his trembling arms he caſt,
And agonizing graſp'd, and held 'em faſt;
Then caught his hands, and kiſs'd and preſs'd'em cloſe,
Thoſe hands, th' inhuman authors of his woes;
Thoſe hands, whoſe unrelenting force had coſt
Much of his blood (for many ſons he loſt.)
But as a wretch who has a murder done,
And ſeeking refuge does from juſtice run,
Ent'ring ſome houſe in haſte, where he 's unknown,
Creates amazement in the lookers-on,
So did Achilles gaze, ſurpris'd to ſee
The godlike Priam's royal miſery.
All on each other gaz'd, all in ſurpriſe
And mute, yet ſeem'd to queſtion with their eyes,
Till he at length the ſolemn ſilence broke,
And thus the venerable ſuppliant ſpoke.
"Divine Achilles! at your feet behold
"A proſtrate king, in wretchedneſs grown old:
"Think on your father, and then look on me,
"His hoary age and helpleſs perſon ſee;

"So furrow'd are his cheeks, so white his hairs,
"Such and so many his declining years:
"Could you imagine (but that cannot be)
"Could you imagine such his misery!
"Yet it may come when he shall be opprest,
"And neighb'ring princes lay his country waste;
"Ev'n at this time perhaps some pow'rful foe,
"Who will no mercy, no compassion, show,
"Ent'ring his palace, sees him feebly fly,
"And seek protection where no help is nigh.
"In vain he may your fatal absence mourn,
"And wish in vain for your delay'd return:
"Yet that he hears you live is some relief;
"Some hopes alleviate his excess of grief:
"It glads his soul to think he once may see
"His much-lov'd son; would that were granted me!
"But I, most wretched I! of all bereft!
"Of all my worthy sons how few are left!
"Yet fifty goodly youths I had to boast,
"When first the Greeks invaded Ilion's coast;
"Nineteen, the joyful issue of one womb,
"Are now, alas! a mournful tribute to one tomb.
"Merciless War this devastation wrought,
"And their strong nerves to dissolution brought.
"Still one was left, in whom was all my hope,
"My age's comfort, and his country's prop;
"Hector! my darling, and my last defence,
"Whose life alone their deaths could recompense;

"And to complete my ſtore of countleſs wo,
"Him you have ſlain—of him bereav'd me too!
"For his ſake only hither am I come;
"Rich gifts I bring, and wealth an endleſs ſum,
"All to redeem that fatal prize you won;
"A worthleſs ranſom for ſo brave a ſon.
"Fear the juſt gods, Achilles, and on me
"With pity look; think you your father ſee:
"Such as I am he is, alone in this,
"I can no equal have in miſeries;
"Of all mankind moſt wretched and forlorn,
"Bow'd with ſuch weight as never has been borne;
"Reduc'd to kneel and pray to you, from whom
"The ſpring and ſource of all my ſorrows come;
"With gifts to court mine and my country's bane,
"And kiſs thoſe hands which have my children ſlain."
He ſpake.——
Now ſadneſs o'er Achilles' face appears,
Priam he views and for his father fears;
That and compaſſion melt him into tears.
Then gently with his hand he put away
Old Priam's face, but he ſtill proſtrate lay,
And there with tears and ſighs afreſh begun
To mourn the fall of his ill-fated ſon.
But paſſion diff'rent ways Achilles turns,
Now he Patroclus, now his father, mourns;
Thus both with lamentations fill'd the place,
Till ſorrow ſeem'd to wear one common face.

THE LAMENTATIONS

OF

HECUBA, ANDROMACHE, AND HELEN,

OVER THE DEAD BODY OF HECTOR.

Translated from the Greek of Homer, Ἰλιάδ. ω.

Beginning at this line,

Ἠὼς δὲ κροκόπεπλος ἐκίδνατο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν.

Connexion of this with the former translation.

PRIAM, at last, moves Achilles to compassion, and after having made him presents of great value, obtains the body of his son. Mercury awakens Priam early in the morning, and advises him to haste away with the body, lest Agamemnon should be informed of his being in the camp: he himself helps to harness the mules and horses, and conveys him safely, and without noise, chariot and all, from among the Grecian tents, then flies up to heaven, leaving Priam and Idæus to travel on with the body toward Troy.

Now did the saffron Morn her beams display,
Gilding the face of universal day,
When mourning Priam to the town return'd;
Slowly his chariot mov'd, as that had mourn'd;
The mules beneath the mangled body go,
As bearing (now) unusual weight of wo.
To Pergamus' high top Cassandra flies,
Thence she afar the sad procession spies,

Her father and Idæus first appear,
Then Hector's corpse extended on a bier,
At which her boundless grief loud cries began,
And thus lamenting thro' the streets she ran:
"Hither, ye wretched Trojans! hither all;
"Behold the godlike Hector's funeral!
"If e'er you went with joy to see him come
"Adorn'd with conquest and with laurels home,
"Assemble now, his ransom'd body see,
"What once was all your joy now all your misery!"
She spake, and straight the num'rous crowd obey'd,
Nor man nor woman in the city stay'd;
Common consent of grief had made 'em one;
With clam'rous moan to Scæas gate they ran;
There the lov'd body of their Hector meet,
Which they with loud and fresh lamentings greet.
His rev'rend mother and his tender wife,
Equal in love, in grief had equal strife:
In sorrow they no moderation knew,
But, wildly wailing, to the chariot flew;
There strove the rolling wheels to hold, while each
Attempted first his breathless corpse to reach;
Aloud they beat their breasts and tore their hair,
Rending around with shrieks the suff'ring air.
Now had the throng of people stopp'd the way,
Who would have there lamented all the day,
But Priam from his chariot rose, and spake;
"Trojans! enough; truce with your sorrows make;

"Give way to me, and yield the chariot room;
"First let me bear my Hector's body home,
"Then mourn your fill." At this the crowd gave way,
Yielding like waves of a divided sea.
Idæus to the palace drove, then laid,
With care, the body on a sumptuous bed,
And round about were skilful fingers plac'd,
Who wept, and sigh'd, and in sad notes express'd
Their moan; all in a chorus did agree
Of universal, mournful harmony:
When first Andromache her passion broke,
And thus (close pressing his pale cheeks) she spoke.

ANDROMACHE'S LAMENTATION.

"O my lost Husband! let me ever mourn
"Thy early fate and too untimely urn;
"In the full pride of youth thy glories fade,
"And thou in ashes must with them be laid.
"Why is my heart thus miserably torn?
"Why am I thus distress'd? why thus forlorn?
"Am I that wretched thing a Widow left?
"Why do I live who am of thee bereft?
"Yet I were bless'd were I alone undone;
"Alas! my Child! where can an infant run?
"Unhappy Orphan! thou in woes art nurs'd;
"Why were you born?—I am with blessings curs'd!
"For long ere thou shalt be to manhood grown,
"Wide Desolation will lay waste this town.

" Who is there now that can protection give,
" Since he who was her ſtrength no more doth live?
" Who of her rev'rend matrons will have care?
" Who ſave her children from the rage of war?
" For he to all father and huſband was,
" And all are orphans now, and widows, by his loſs.
" Soon will the Grecians now inſulting come,
" And bear us captives to their diſtant home;
" I, with my child, muſt the ſame fortune ſhare,
" And all alike be pris'ners of the war:
" 'Mongſt baſe-born wretches he his lot muſt have,
" And be to ſome inhuman lord a ſlave;
" Elſe ſome avenging Greek, with fury fill'd,
" Or for an only ſon or father kill'd
" By Hector's hand, on him will vent his rage,
" And with his blood his thirſty grief aſſuage;
" For many fell by his relentleſs hand,
" Biting that ground which with their blood was ſtain'd.
" Fierce was thy father (O my Child!) in war,
" And never did his foe in battle ſpare;
" Thence come theſe ſuff'rings which ſo much have coſt,
" Much wo to all, but ſure to me the moſt.
" I ſaw him not when in the pangs of death,
" Nor did my lips receive his lateſt breath.
" Why held he not to me his dying hand?
" And why receiv'd not I his laſt command?
" Something he would have ſaid, had I been there,
" Which I ſhould ſtill in ſad remembrance bear;

"For I could never, never, words forget,
"Which night and day I should with tears repeat."
She spake, and wept afresh, when all around
A general sigh diffus'd a mournful sound.
Then Hecubá, who long had been opprest
With boiling passions in her aged breast,
Mingling her words with sighs and tears, begun
A lamentation for her darling son.

HECUBA'S LAMENTATION.

"Hector! my joy, and to my soul more dear
"Than all my other num'rous issue were;
"O my last comfort! and my best belov'd!
"Thou at whose fall ev'n Jove himself was mov'd,
"And sent a god his dread commands to bear,
"So far thou wert high Heav'n's peculiar care!
"From fierce Achilles' chains thy corpse was freed;
"So kind a fate was for none else decreed:
"My other sons, made pris'ners by his hands,
"Were sold like slaves, and shipp'd to foreign lands;
"Thou, too, wert sentenc'd by his barb'rous doom,
"And dragg'd, when dead, about Patroclus' tomb,
"His lov'd Patroclus, whom thy hands had slain;
"And yet that cruelty was urg'd in vain,
"Since all could not restore his life again.
"Now fresh and glowing even in death thou art,
"And fair as he who fell by Phœbus' dart."

Here weeping Hecuba her paſſion ſtay'd,
And univerſal moan again was made;
When Helen's lamentation her's ſupply'd,
And thus, aloud, that fatal beauty cry'd.

HELEN'S LAMENTATION.

" O Hector! thou wert rooted in my heart,
" No brother there had half ſo large a part!
" Not leſs than twenty years are now paſs'd o'er
" Since firſt I landed on the Trojan ſhore,
" Since I with godlike Paris fled from home,
" (Would I had dy'd before that day had come!)
" In all which time (ſo gentle was thy mind)
" I ne'er could charge thee with a deed unkind;
" Not one untender word, or look of ſcorn,
" Which I too often have from others borne:
" But you from their reproach ſtill ſet me free,
" And kindly have reprov'd their cruelty;
" If by my ſiſters or the queen revil'd,
" (For the good king, like you, was ever mild)
" Your kindneſs ſtill has all my grief beguil'd.
" Ever in tears let me your loſs bemoan,
" Who had no friend alive but you alone:
" All will reproach me now where'er I paſs,
" And fly with horrour from my hated face."
This ſaid, ſhe wept, and the vaſt throng was mov'd,
And with a gen'ral ſigh her grief approv'd:
When Priam (who had heard the mourning crowd)
Roſe from his ſeat, and thus he ſpake aloud.

" Ceaſe your lamentings, Trojans! for awhile,
" And fell down trees to build a fun'ral pile;
" Fear not an ambuſh by the Grecians laid,
" For with Achilles twelve days' truce I made."
He ſpake, and all obey'd as with one mind;
Chariots were brought, and mules and oxen join'd;
Forth from the city all the people went,
And nine days' ſpace was in that labour ſpent;
The tenth a moſt ſtupendous pile they made,
And on the top the manly Hector laid,
Then gave it fire; while all with weeping eyes
Beheld the rolling flames and ſmoke ariſe.
All night they wept, and all the night it burn'd;
But when the roſy Morn with day return'd,
About the pile the thronging people came,
And with black wine quench'd the remaining flame.
His brothers then, and friends, ſearch'd every where,
And gath'ring up his ſnowy bones with care,
Wept o'er 'em; when an urn of gold was brought,
Wrapt in ſoft purple palls, and richly wrought,
In which the ſacred aſhes were interr'd,
Then o'er his grave a monument they rear'd.
Mean-time ſtrong guards were plac'd, and careful ſpies,
To watch the Grecians, and prevent ſurpriſe.
The work once ended, all the vaſt reſort
Of mourning people went to Priam's court;
There they refreſh'd their weary limbs with reſt,
Ending the fun'ral with a ſolemn feaſt.

HOMER'S

HYMN TO VENUS:

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

TO THE READER

OF THE ENSUING HYMN.

Of the three greater hymns of Homer, *viz.* one to Apollo, one to Mercury, and one to Venus, this to Venus is the ſhorteſt; it is alſo the moſt ſimple in its deſign, and connected in its parts. The other two abound more in digreſſions both geographical and mythological, and contain many alluſions to ancient cuſtoms and hiſtory, which, without a commentary, could not well be underſtood by the generality of readers. Theſe conſiderations determined me to acquieſce in the tranſlation of this Hymn, though I had once entertained thoughts of turning them all three into Engliſh verſe.

As I had often read them all with extraordinary pleaſure, I could not avoid ſometimes reflecting on the cenſures of ſome grammarians, who have denied, or at leaſt doubted them to be genuine.

A poem which is good in itſelf cannot really loſe any thing of its value, though it ſhould appear, upon a ſtrict inquiry, not to be the work of ſo eminent an author as him to whom it was firſt imputed; but all

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truth is so amiable in itself, that even where it is of least importance there is a pleasure in the search after it, and a satisfaction in the vindication of it.

Tho' the beauties of this ensuing poem, in the original, want not even the name of Homer to recommend them, and much less does that mighty name stand in need of their reputation, yet if they are his, it is an injustice to him to ascribe them to any other; and it is a hardship to them to deprive them of the authority due to them, and to leave them to make their way thro' bad judgments purely by their own merit.

I will not trouble the reader with the inquiry my curiosity led me to make in this matter; I will only give him one reason, of many, why these Hymns may be received for genuine. The most suspected of them all is that to Apollo. (As for this to Venus, it were almost enough to induce us to conclude it legitimate, to observe that Lucretius thought it not below him to copy from the beginning of it the beginning of his own admirable poem.)

The Hymn to Apollo has been supposed to have been written by one Cynæthus of Chios, who was a famous repeater of Homer's verses*. To obviate

* After the decease of Homer, there were such persons who made a profession of repeating his verses; from the repetitions of whom, and of their descendants or successors, (for they became a sect) the entire poems of Homer, in aftertimes, were collected and put in order. These were called *Homeristæ*, or *Homeridæ*: of whom see *Ælian. Var. Hist.* L. 13. c. 14. *Athenæ.* L. 1. 5. 14 *Strabo*, L. 14. *Pindar Nem.* ode 2. *Cælius Rodig.* L. 7. c. 29.

which supposition we only reply, that this very Hymn to Apollo is quoted twice by Thucydides, in the third book of his history, and expressly quoted as the work of Homer.

After his second quotation, which consists of about half a score verses, Thucydides observes, that in those verses Homer has made mention of himself: hence it is beyond question Thucydides believed, or rather was assured, it was the work of Homer. He might be very well morally assured of it, for he lived within four hundred years of Homer*, and that is no distance of time to render the knowledge of such things either uncertain or obscure in such a country as Greece, and to a man of such learning, power, and wisdom, as our author. The learned Casaubon, in his comment on a passage in the first book of Strabo†, takes the liberty to dissent from Strabo, and cites, as authority against him, part of the quotation made by Thucydides from the aforementioned Hymn of Homer. Strabo says, Homer has made no mention of what country he was. In one of the verses cited by Thucydides, Homer calls himself, "The blind man "of rocky Chios‡." Casaubon's note is as follows: *In*

* Herodotus says of himself, in Euterpe, he was but four hundred years after Homer. Thucydides was contemporary with Herodotus.

† Strab. lib. 1. p. 30.

‡ The original says——"The blind man who lives in "rocky or sandy Chios, and whose poems shall be in highest "esteem to all posterity:" which indeed only proves that he dwelt there, not that he was born there.

Hymno Apollonis quem ego cur debeamus ἀθετεῖν contra autoritatem Thucydidis, causam nullam satis magnam video: in eo inquam hymno, hæc de se Homerus, &c.

Now, whether it be more reasonable, by the example of so learned a man as Casaubon, to give credit to the authority of Thucydides, the most grave, wise, faithful, and consummate historian that ever wrote, or to give into the scruples, conjectures, and suggestions of scholiasts, and grammarians, I leave to the determination of each impartial reader.

HOMER'S HYMN TO VENUS:

SING, Muſe! the force and all-informing fire
Of Cyprian Venus, goddeſs of deſire;
Her charms th' immortal minds of gods can move,
And tame the ſtubborn race of men to love:
The wilder herds and rav'nous beaſts of prey
Her influence feel, and own her kindly ſway:
Thro' pathleſs air and boundleſs ocean's ſpace
She rules the feather'd kind and finny race;
Whole Nature on her ſole ſupport depends,
And far as life exiſts her care extends.
Of all the num'rous hoſt of gods above,
But three are found inflexible to love;
Blue-ey'd Minerva free preſerves her heart,
A virgin unbeguil'd by Cupid's art;
In ſhining arms the martial maid delights,
O'er war preſides, and well-diſputed fights;
With thirſt of fame ſhe firſt the hero fir'd,
And firſt the ſkill of uſeful arts inſpir'd;
Taught artiſts firſt the carving tool to wield,
Chariots with braſs to arm, and form the fenceful ſhield;
She firſt taught modeſt maids in early bloom
To ſhun the lazy life, and ſpin, or ply the loom.
Diana next the Paphian queen defies,
Her ſmiling arts and proffer'd friendſhip flies;
She loves with well-mouth'd hounds and cheerful horn,
Or ſilver-ſounding voice, to wake the Morn,

To draw the bow, or dart the pointed ſpear,
To wound the mountain boar, or rouſe the woodland [deer:
Sometimes of gloomy groves ſhe likes the ſhades,
And there of virgin-nymphs the chorus leads;
And ſometimes ſeeks the town, and leaves the plains,
And loves ſociety where Virtue reigns.
The third celeſtial pow'r averſe to love
Is Virgin Veſta, dear to mighty Jove,
Whom Neptune ſought to wed, and Phœbus woo'd,
And both with fruitleſs labour long purſu'd;
For ſhe, ſeverely chaſte, rejected both,
And bound her purpoſe with a ſolemn oath,
A virgin life inviolate to lead;
She ſwore, and Jove aſſenting bow'd his head.
But ſince her rigid choice the joys deny'd
Of nuptial rites, and bleſſings of a bride,
The bounteous Jove with gifts that want ſupply'd.
High on a throne ſhe ſits amidſt the ſkies,
And firſt is fed with fumes of ſacrifice;
For holy rites to Veſta firſt are paid,
And on her altar firſt-fruit off'rings laid;
So Jove ordain'd in honour of the maid.
Theſe are the pow'rs above, and only theſe,
Whom love and Cytherea's arts diſpleaſe:
Of other beings none in earth or ſkies
Her force reſiſts or influence denies.
With eaſe her charms the Thunderer can bind,
And captivate with love th' almighty Mind;

Ev'n he, whoſe dread commands the gods obey,
Submits to her, and owns ſuperiour ſway;
Enſlav'd to mortal beauties by her pow'r,
He oft' deſcends his creatures to adore;
While to conceal the theft from Juno's eyes,
Some well-diſſembled ſhape the god belies;
Juno, his wife and ſiſter, both in place
And beauty firſt among the ethereal race,
Whom all tranſcending in ſuperiour worth
Wiſe Saturn got, and Cybele brought forth,
And Jove, by never-erring counſel ſway'd,
The partner of his bed and empire made.
But Jove at length, with juſt reſentment fir'd,
The laughing Queen herſelf with love inſpir'd;
Swift thro' her veins the ſweet contagion ran,
And kindled in her breaſt deſire of mortal man,
That ſhe, like other deities, might prove
The pains and pleaſures of inferiour love,
And not inſultingly the gods deride,
Whoſe ſons were human by the mother's ſide:
Thus Jove ordain'd ſhe now for man ſhould burn,
And bring forth mortal offſpring in her turn.
Amongſt the ſprings which flow from Ida's head,
His lowing herds the young Anchiſes fed,
Whoſe godlike form and face the ſmiling queen
Beheld, and lov'd to madneſs ſoon as ſeen.
To Cyprus ſtraight the wounded goddeſs flies,
Where Paphian temples in her honour riſe,
And altars ſmoke with daily ſacrifice.

Soon as arriv'd, ſhe to her ſhrine repair'd,
Where ent'ring quick, the ſhining gates ſhe barr'd.
The ready Graces wait, her baths prepare,
And oint with fragrant oils her flowing hair;
Her flowing hair around her ſhoulders ſpreads,
And all adown ambroſial odour ſheds:
Laſt in tranſparent robes her limbs they fold,
Enrich'd with ornaments of pureſt gold;
And thus attir'd her chariot ſhe aſcends,
And Cyprus left, her flight to Troy ſhe bends.
On Ida ſhe alights, then ſeeks the ſeat
Which lov'd Anchiſes choſe for his retreat;
And ever as ſhe walk'd thro' lawn or wood,
Promiſcuous herds of beaſts admiring ſtood.
Some humbly follow, while ſome fawning meet,
And lick the ground, and crouch beneath her feet:
Dogs, lions, wolves, and bears, their eyes unite,
And the ſwift panther ſtops to gaze with fix'd delight;
For ev'ry glance ſhe gives ſoft fire imparts,
Enkindling ſweet deſire in ſavage hearts.
Inflam'd with love all ſingle out their mates,
And to their ſhady dens each pair retreats.
Mean-time the tent ſhe ſpies ſo much deſir'd,
Where her Anchiſes was alone retir'd,
Withdrawn from all his friends and fellow-ſwains,
Who fed their flocks beneath, and ſought the plains:
In pleaſing ſolitude the youth ſhe found,
Intent upon his lyre's harmonious ſound;

Before his eyes Jove's beauteous daughter stood,
In form and dress a huntress of the wood;
For had he seen the goddess undisguis'd,
The youth with awe and fear had been surpris'd.
Fix'd he beheld her, and with joy admir'd
To see a nymph so bright and so attir'd;
For from her flowing robe a lustre spread,
As if with radiant flame she were array'd:
Her hair, in part disclos'd, in part conceal'd,
In ringlets fell, or was with jewels held;
With various gold and gems her neck was grac'd,
And orient pearls heav'd on her panting breast:
Bright as the moon she shone, with silent light,
And charm'd his sense with wonder and delight.
Thus while Anchises gaz'd, thro' ev'ry vein
A thrilling joy he felt and pleasing pain.
At length he spake—"All hail, celestial Fair!
"Who humbly dost to visit earth repair:
"Whoe'er thou art, descended from above,
"Latona, Cynthia, or the Queen of Love,
"All hail! all honour shall to thee be paid:
"Or art thou Themis*? or the Blue-ey'd maid†?
"Or art thou fairest of the Graces Three,
"Who with the gods share immortality?
"Or else some nymph, the guardian of these woods,
"These caves, these fruitful hills, or crystal floods?

* Themis, the goddess of Equity and Right.
† Blue-ey'd maid, Pallas.

"Whoe'er thou art, in some conspicuous field
"I to thy honour will an altar build,
"Where holy off'rings I'll each hour prepare;
"O prove but thou propitious to my pray'r!
"Grant me among the Trojan race to prove
"A patriot worthy of my country's love;
"Bless'd in myself, I beg I next may be
"Bless'd in my children and posterity;
"Happy in health, long let me see the sun,
"And, lov'd by all, late may my days be done."
He said.—Jove's beauteous daughter thus reply'd.
"Delight of humankind, thy sex's pride!
"Honour'd Anchises! you behold in me
"No goddess bless'd with immortality,
"But mortal I, of mortal mother came,
"Otreus my father, (you have heard the name)
"Who rules the fair extent of Phrygia's lands,
"And all her towns and fortresses commands.
"When yet an infant I to Troy was brought;
"There was I nurs'd, and there your language taught;
"Then wonder not if, thus instructed young,
"I like my own can speak the Trojan tongue.
"In me one of Diana's nymphs behold;
"Why thus arriv'd I shall the cause unfold.
"As late our sports we practis'd on the plain,
"I and my fellow-nymphs of Cynthia's train,
"Dancing in chorus, and with garlands crown'd,
"And by admiring crowds encompass'd round,

"Lo! hov'ring o'er my head I saw the god
"Who Argus slew, and bears the golden rod;
"Sudden he seiz'd, then bore me from their sight,
"Cutting thro' liquid air his rapid flight.
"O'er many states and peopled towns we past
"O'er hills and vallies, and o'er deserts waste;
"O'er barren moors and o'er unwholesome fens,
"And woods where beasts inhabit dreadful dens:
"Thro' all which pathless way our speed was such,
"We stopp'd not once the face of earth to touch.
"Mean-time he told me, while thro' air we fled,
"That Jove ordain'd I should Anchises wed,
"And with illustrious offspring bless his bed.
"This said, and pointing to me your abode,
"To heav'n again up-soar'd the swift-wing'd god.
"Thus of necessity to you I come,
"Unknown, and lost, far from my native home.
"But I conjure you, by the throne of Jove,
"By all that 's dear to you, by all you love,
"By your good parents, (for no bad could e'er
"Produce a son so graceful, good, and fair)
"That you no wiles employ to win my heart,
"But let me hence an untouch'd maid depart;
"Inviolate and guiltless of your bed,
"Let me be to your house and mother led:
"Me to your father and your brothers show,
"And our alliance first let them allow:
"Let me be known, and my condition own'd,
"And no unequal match I may be found.

" Equality to them my birth may claim,
" Worthy a daughter's or a ſiſter's name,
" Tho' for your wife of too inferiour fame.
" Next let ambaſſadors to Phrygia haſte,
" To tell my father of my fortunes paſt,
" And eaſe my mother in that anxious ſtate,
" Of doubts and fears which cares for me create.
" They in return ſhall preſents bring from thence
" Of rich attire, and ſums of gold immenſe:
" You in peculiar ſhall with gifts be grac'd,
" In price and beauty far above the reſt.
" This done, perform the rites of nuptial love,
" Grateful to men below and gods above."
She ſaid, and from her eyes ſhot ſubtle fires,
Which to his heart inſinuate deſires:
Reſiſtleſs love invading thus his breaſt,
The panting youth the ſmiling queen addreſt.
" Since mortal you, of mortal mother came,
" And Otreus you report your father's name,
" And ſince th' immortal Hermes from above,
" To execute the dread commands of Jove,
" Your wondrous beauties hither has convey'd,
" A nuptial life with me henceforth to lead;
" Know, now, that neither gods nor men have pow'r
" One minute to defer the happy hour;
" This inſtant will I ſeize upon thy charms,
" Mix with thy ſoul, and melt within thy arms:

"Tho' Phœbus, arm'd with his unerring dart,
"Stood ready to tranſfix my panting heart;
"Tho' death, tho' hell, in conſequence attend,
"Thou ſhalt with me the genial bed aſcend."
He ſaid, and ſudden ſnatch'd her beauteous hand;
The goddeſs ſmil'd, nor did th' attempt withſtand,
But fix'd her eyes upon the hero's bed,
Where ſoft and ſilken coverlets were ſpread,
And over all a counterpane was plac'd,
Thick ſown with furs of many a ſavage beaſt,
Of bears and lions, heretofore his ſpoil,
And ſtill remain'd the trophies of his toil.
Now to aſcend the bed they both prepare,
And he with eager haſte diſrobes the fair.
Her ſparkling necklace firſt he laid aſide,
Her bracelets next, and braided hair, unty'd;
And now his buſy hand her zone unbrac'd,
Which girt her radiant robe around her waiſt;
Her radiant robe at laſt aſide was thrown,
Whoſe roſy hue with dazzling luſtre ſhone.
The Queen of Love the youth thus diſarray'd,
And on a chair of gold her veſtments laid.
Anchiſes now, (ſo Jove and Fate ordain'd)
The ſweet extreme of ecſtaſy attain'd;
And mortal he was like th' immortals bleſs'd,
Not conſcious of the goddeſs he poſſeſs'd.

But when the swains their flocks and herds had
And from the flow'ry field returning led [fed,
Their sheep to fold, and oxen to the shed,
In soft and pleasing chains of sleep profound
The wary goddess her Anchises bound;
Then gently rising from his side and bed,
In all her bright attire her limbs array'd.
And now her fair-crown'd head aloft she rears,
Nor more a mortal, but herself, appears:
Her face refulgent, and majestick mien,
Confess'd the goddess, Love's and Beauty's queen.
Then thus aloud she calls. "Anchises! wake;
"Thy fond repose and lethargy forsake;
"Look on the nymph who late from Phrygia came;
"Behold me well——say if I seem the same."
At her first call the chains of sleep were broke,
And starting from his bed Anchises woke;
But when he Venus view'd without disguise,
Her shining neck beheld, and radiant eyes,
Aw'd and abash'd, he turn'd his head aside,
Attempting with his robe his face to hide:
Confus'd with wonder, and with fear oppress'd,
In winged words he thus the Queen address'd.
"When first, O Goddess! I thy form beheld,
"Whose charms so far humanity excell'd,
"To thy celestial pow'r my vows I paid,
"And with humility implor'd thy aid;

"But thou, for secret cause to me unknown,
"Didst thy divine immortal state disown.
"But now I beg thee, by the filial love
"Due to thy father, Ægis-bearing Jove,
"Compassion on my human state to show,
"Nor let me lead a life infirm below;
"Defend me from the woes which mortals wait,
"Nor let me share of men the common fate;
"Since never man with length of days was bless'd
"Who in delights of love a deity possess'd."
To him Jove's beauteous daughter thus reply'd;
"Be bold, Anchises; in my love confide:
"Nor me nor other god thou need'st to fear,
"For thou to all the heav'nly race art dear.
"Know from our loves thou shalt a son obtain,
"Who over all the realm of Troy shall reign;
"From whom a race of monarchs shall descend,
"And whose posterity shall know no end:
"To him thou shalt the name Æneas * give,
"As one for whose conception I must grieve,
"Oft' as I think he to exist began
"From my conjunction with a mortal man.

* Æneas, signifying one who causeth grief. By this passage it should seem as if the etymologists have erred, who, as he was the hero of Virgil's epick poem, have derived his name from *αἰνέω*, to extol, or praise; it appearing here expressly to be derived from *αἶνα*, grief, or *αἰνάω*, to affect with grief.

" But Troy, of all the habitable earth,
" To a superiour race of men gives birth,
" Producing heroes of th' ethereal kind,
" And next resembling gods in form and mind.
" From thence great Jove to azure skies convey'd,
" To live with gods, the lovely Ganymede,
" Where by th' immortals honour'd, (strange to see!)
" The youth enjoys a bless'd eternity:
" In bowls of gold he ruddy nectar pours,
" And Jove regales in his unbended hours.
" Long did the king, his sire, his absence mourn,
" Doubtful by whom, or where, the boy was borne,
" Till Jove at length, in pity of his grief,
" Dispatch'd Argicides * to his relief;
" And more with gifts to pacify his mind,
" He sent him horses of a deathless kind,
" Whose feet outstripp'd in speed the rapid wind;
" Charging withal swift Hermes to relate
" The youth's advancement to a heav'nly state,
" Where all his hours are past in circling joy,
" Which age can ne'er decay nor death destroy.
" Now when this embassy the king receives,
" No more for absent Ganymede he grieves;
" The pleasing news his aged heart revives,
" And with delight his swift-heel'd steeds he drives.

* The slayer of Argus. Mercury, so called, from having slain Argus.

“ But when the golden-thron'd Aurora made
“ Tithonus partner of her rosy bed,
“ (Tithonus, too, was of the Trojan line,
“ Resembling gods in face and form divine)
“ For him she straight the Thunderer address'd,
“ That with perpetual life he might be bless'd:
“ Jove heard her pray'r, and granted her request.
“ But, ah! how rash was she! how indiscreet!
“ The most material blessing to omit;
“ Neglecting, or not thinking, to provide
“ That length of days might be with strength supply'd,
“ And to her lover's endless life engage
“ An endless youth, incapable of age.
“ But hear what fate befel this heav'nly fair,
“ In gold enthron'd, the brightest child of Air:
“ Tithonus, while of pleasing youth possess'd,
“ Is by Aurora with delight caress'd;
“ Dear to her arms, he in her court resides,
“ Beyond the verge of earth, and ocean's utmost tides.
“ But when she saw gray hairs begin to spread,
“ Deform his beard, and disadorn his head,
“ The goddess cold in her embraces grew,
“ His arms declin'd, and from his bed withdrew;
“ Yet still a kind of nursing care she show'd,
“ And food ambrosial and rich clothes bestow'd;
“ But when of age he felt the sad extreme,
“ And ev'ry nerve was shrunk and limb was lame,

" Lock'd in a room her uſeleſs ſpouſe ſhe left,
" Of youth, of vigour, and of voice, bereft *.
" On terms like theſe I never can deſire
" Thou ſhouldſt to immortality aſpire.
" Couldſt thou, indeed, as now thou art remain,
" Thy ſtrength thy beauty, and thy youth, retain;
" Could thou for ever thus my huſband prove,
" I might live happy in thy endleſs love,
" Nor ſhould I e'er have cauſe to dread the day
" When I muſt mourn thy loſs and life's decay;
" But thou, alas! too ſoon and ſure muſt bend
" Beneath the woes which painful age attend,
" Inexorable age! whoſe wretched ſtate
" All mortals dread, and all immortals hate.
" Now know, I alſo muſt my portion ſhare,
" And for thy ſake reproach and ſhame muſt bear;
" For I, who heretofore in chains of love
" Could captivate the minds of gods above,
" And force 'em by my all-ſubduing charms
" To ſigh and languiſh in a woman's arms,
" Muſt now no more that pow'r ſuperiour boaſt,
" Nor tax with weakneſs the celeſtial hoſt,
" Since I myſelf this dear amends have made,
" And am at laſt by my own arts betray'd.
" Erring like them, with appetite deprav'd,
" This hour by thee I have a ſon conceiv'd,

* Tithonus was feigned at length to have been turned into a graſhopper.

"Whom hid beneath my zone I muſt conceal,
"Till time his being and my ſhame reveal.
"Him ſhall the nymphs who theſe fair woods adorn,
"In their deep boſoms nurſe as ſoon as born:
"They nor of mortal nor immortal ſeed
"Are ſaid to ſpring, yet on ambroſia feed,
"And long they live *, and oft' in chorus join
"With gods and goddeſſes in dance divine.

* Of wood-nymphs there were the Dryades and the Hamadryades; the Dryades preſided over woods and groves; the Hamadryades each over her particular tree. None of them were accounted immortal, but extremely long-lived. Auſonius, from Heſiod, computes the complete life of a man at ninety-ſix years; a crow, he ſays, lives nine times as long; a deer four times as long as a crow; a raven three times as long as a deer; the phœnix ten times as long as a raven; and theſe Hamadryades live ten times as long as the phœnix. But the moſt received opinion was, that they lived juſt as long as their trees: therefore this from Auſonius ſeems rather to relate to the Dryades, and the duration of a whole wood; for there are frequent inſtances where they were indifferently called Dryades and Hamadryades by the ancient poets. They were very ſenſible of good offices, and grateful to them who at any time preſerved their trees. The Scholiaſt, upon a paſſage mentioning theſe nymphs in *Apollon. Argonaut.* l. 2. relates the following ſtory, cited from Charon Lampſacenus. "A young man, called Rœcus, obſerving a fair oak almoſt fallen to the earth, ordered it to be ſupported, and took ſuch effectual care that he reeſtabliſhed it again to flouriſh in its place. The nymph of the tree appeared to him, and in return bid him aſk what he pleaſed. The youth readily demanded of her the laſt favour, which ſhe as readily promiſed, and, according to agreement, ſent a bee to ſummon him at the time when he might be happy: but the young man happening to be gaming at dice when the bee came, was ſo offended with its buzzing, that he gave it ill words, and chid it from him. This reception of her ambaſſador

"Theſe the Sileni * court; theſe Hermes loves,
"And their embraces ſeeks in ſhady groves.
"Their origin and birth theſe nymphs deduce
"From common parent Earth's prolifick juice:
"With lofty firs which grace the mountain's brow,
"Or ample-ſpreading oaks, at once they grow;
"All have their trees allotted to their care,
"Whoſe growth, duration, and decreaſe, they ſhare.
"But holy are theſe groves by mortals held,
"And therefore by the axe are never fell'd;
"But when the fate of ſome fair tree draws nigh,
"It firſt appears to droop, and then grows dry;
"The bark to crack and periſh next is ſeen,
"And laſt the boughs it ſheds no longer green:
"And thus the nymphs expire by like degrees,
"And live and die coeval with their trees.
"Theſe gentle nymphs, by my perſuaſion won,
"Shall in their ſweet receſſes nurſe my ſon,
"And when his cheeks with youth's firſt bluſhes glow,
"To thee the ſacred maids the boy ſhall ſhow.
"More to inſtruct thee, when five years ſhall end,
"I will again to viſit thee deſcend,
"Bringing thy beauteous ſon to charm thy ſight,
"Whoſe godlike form ſhall fill thee with delight:

ſo enraged the nymph, that in revenge ſhe rendered him impotent." This ſtory is alſo cited in part by *Nat. Com.* See *Ovid. Metam.* l. 8. of the fate of Eriſichthon for cutting down one of theſe animated trees.

* The Satyrs, when they were in years, were called Sileni, as Pauſanias reports in *Attic.* p. 41.

"Him will I leave thenceforward to thy care,
"And will that with him thou to Troy repair;
"There if inquiry ſhall be made, to know
"To whom thou doſt ſo bright an offspring owe,
"Be ſure thou nothing of the truth detect,
"But ready anſwer make as I direct:
"Say of a ſylvan nymph the fair youth came,
"And Calycopis call his mother's name:
"For, ſhouldſt thou boaſt the truth, and madly own
"That thou in bliſs had Cytherea known,
"Jove would his anger pour upon thy head,
"And with avenging thunder ſtrike thee dead.
"Now all is told thee, and juſt caution giv'n;
"Be ſecret thou, and dread the wrath of heav'n."
She ſaid, and ſudden ſoar'd above his ſight,
Cutting thro' liquid air her heav'nward flight.
All hail, bright Cyprian Queen! thee firſt I praiſe,
Then to ſome other pow'r transfer my lays.

OVID'S ART OF LOVE. BOOK III.

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH VERSE.

Wherein he recommends rules and instructions to the fair sex in the conduct of their amours, after having already composed two books for the use of men upon the same subject.

THE men are arm'd, and for the fight prepare,
And now we must instruct and arm the fair.
Both sexes, well appointed, take the field,
And mighty Love determine which shall yield.
Man were ignoble, when thus arm'd, to show
Unequal force against a naked foe:
No glory from such conquest can be gain'd,
And odds are always by the brave disdain'd.
  But some exclaim, What frenzy rules your mind?
Would you increase the craft of womankind?
Teach them new wiles and arts! as well you may
Instruct a snake to bite or wolf to prey.
But sure too hard a censure they pursue,
Who charge on all the failings of a few.
Examine first impartially each fair,
Then as she merits or condemn or spare.
If Menelaus and the king of men
With justice of their sister-wives complain;

If falſe Eriphyle forſook her faith,
And for reward procur'd her huſband's death,
Penelope was loyal ſtill and chaſte,
Tho' twenty years her lord in abſence paſt.
Reflect how Laodamia's truth was try'd,
Who, tho' in bloom of youth and beauty's pride,
To ſhare her huſband's fate untimely dy'd.
Think how Alceſte's piety was prov'd,
Who loſt her life to ſave the man ſhe lov'd.
"Receive me, Capaneus!" Evadne cry'd,
"Nor death itſelf our nuptials ſhall divide;
"To join thy aſhes pleas'd I ſhall expire."
She ſaid, and leap'd amid the fun'ral fire.
Virtue herſelf a goddeſs we confeſs,
Both female in her name and in her dreſs:
No wonder, then, if to her ſex inclin'd,
She cultivates with care a female mind.
But theſe exalted ſouls exceed the reach
Of that ſoft art which I pretend to teach.
My tender bark requires a gentle gale,
A little wind will fill a little ſail.
Of ſportful loves I ſing, and ſhow what ways
The willing nymph muſt uſe her bliſs to raiſe,
And how to captivate the man ſhe 'd pleaſe.
Woman is ſoft, and of a tender heart,
Apt to receive, and to retain Love's dart:
Man has a breaſt robuſt, and more ſecure;
It wounds him not ſo deep, nor hits ſo ſure.

Men oft' are falſe; and if you ſearch with care,
You'll find leſs fraud imputed to the fair.
The faithleſs Jaſon from Medea fled,
And made Creuſa partner of his bed.
Bright Ariadne, on an unknown ſhore,
Thy abſence, perjur'd Theſeus! did deplore.
If then the wild inhabitants of air
Forbore her tender lovely limbs to tear,
It was not owing, Theſeus! to thy care.
Inquire the cauſe, and let Demophoon tell
Why Phyllis by a fate untimely fell:
Nine times, in vain, upon the promis'd day,
She ſought th' appointed ſhore, and view'd the ſea;
Her fall the fading trees conſent to mourn,
And ſhed their leaves round her lamented urn.
The prince ſo far for piety renown'd,
To thee, Eliza! was unfaithful found;
To thee forlorn, and languiſhing with grief,
His ſword alone he left, thy laſt relief.
Ye ruin'd Nymphs! ſhall I the cauſe impart
Of all your woes? 't was want of needful art.
Love of itſelf too quickly will expire,
But pow'rful art perpetuates deſire.
Women had yet their ignorance bewail'd,
Had not this art by Venus been reveal'd.
Before my ſight the Cyprian goddeſs ſhone,
And thus ſhe ſaid; "What have poor women done?

"Why is that weak defenceless sex expos'd,
"On ev'ry side by men well-arm'd enclos'd?
"Twice are the men instructed by thy Muse,
"Nor must she now to teach the sex refuse.
"The bard who injur'd Helen in his song
"Recanted after, and redress'd the wrong.
"And you, if on my favour you depend,
"The cause of women while you live defend."
This said, a myrtle sprig, which berries bore,
She gave me, (for a myrtle wreath she wore)
The gift receiv'd, my sense enlighten'd grew,
And from her presence inspiration drew.
Attend, ye Nymphs! by wedlock unconfin'd,
And hear my precepts, while she prompts my mind,
Ev'n now, in bloom of youth and beauty's prime,
Beware of coming age, nor waste your time:
Now while you may, and rip'ning years invite,
Enjoy the seasonable sweet delight;
For rolling years, like stealing waters, glide,
Nor hope to stop their ever-ebbing tide:
Think not hereafter will the loss repay,
For ev'ry morrow will the taste decay,
And leave less relish than the former day.
I've seen the time when on that wither'd thorn
The blooming rose vy'd with the blushing Morn;
With fragrant wreaths I thence have deck'd my head,
And see how leafless now, and how decay'd!

And you, who now the loveſick youth reject,
Will prove in age what pains attend neglect;
None then will preſs upon your midnight hours,
Nor wake to ſtrew your ſtreet with morning flow'rs;
Then nightly knockings at your door will ceaſe,
Whoſe noiſeleſs hammer then may ruſt in peace.
Alas! how ſoon a clear complexion fades!
How ſoon a wrinkled ſkin plump fleſh invades!
And what avails it tho' the fair one ſwears
She from her infancy had ſome gray hairs?
She grows all hoary in a few more years,
And then the venerable truth appears.
The ſnake his ſkin, the deer his horns, may caſt,
And both renew their youth and vigour paſt,
But no receipt can humankind relieve,
Doom'd to decrepit age without reprieve.
Then crop the flow'r which yet invites your eye,
And which ungather'd on its ſtalk muſt die.
Beſides, the tender ſex is form'd to bear,
And frequent births too ſoon will youth impair:
Continual harveſt wears the fruitful field,
And earth itſelf decays too often till'd.
Thou didſt not, Cynthia! ſcorn the Latmian ſwain,
Nor thou, Aurora! Cephalus diſdain:
The Paphian Queen, who for Adonis' fate
So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,
Has not been found inexorable ſince,
Witneſs Harmonia and the Dardan prince.

Then take example, Mortals! from above,
And like immortals live, and like 'em love;
Refuſe not thoſe delights which men require,
Nor let your lovers languiſh with deſire.
Falſe tho' they prove, what loſs can you ſuſtain?
Thence let a thouſand take, 't will all remain.
Tho' conſtant uſe ev'n flint and ſteel impairs,
What you employ no diminution fears.
Who would to light a torch their torch deny?
Or who can dread drinking an ocean dry?
Still women loſe, you cry, if men obtain:
What do they loſe that 's worthy to retain?
Think not this ſaid to proſtitute the ſex,
But undeceive whom needleſs fears perplex.
  Thus far a gentle breeze ſupplies our ſail;
Now lanch'd to ſea we aſk a briſker gale.
And firſt we treat of dreſs. The well-dreſs'd vine
Produces plumpeſt grapes and richeſt wine;
And plenteous crops of golden grain are found
Alone to grace well-cultivated ground.
Beauty 's the gift of gods, the ſex's pride!
Yet to how many is that gift deny'd?
Art helps a face; a face, tho' heav'nly fair,
May quickly fade for want of needful care.
In ancient days, if women ſlighted dreſs,
Then men were ruder too, and lik'd it leſs.
If Hector's ſpouſe was clad in ſtubborn ſtuff,
A ſoldier's wife became it well enough.

Ajax, to ſhield his ample breaſt, provides
Sev'n luſty bulls, and tans their ſturdy hides;
And might not he, d'ye think, be well careſs'd,
And yet his wife not elegantly dreſs'd?
With rude ſimplicity Rome firſt was built,
Which now we ſee adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt.
This Capitol with that of old compare,
Some other Jove you 'd think was worſhipp'd there.
That lofty pile, where Senates dictate law,
When Tatius reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with ſtraw;
And where Apollo's fane refulgent ſtands,
Was heretofore a track of paſture-lands.
Let ancient manners other men delight;
But me the modern pleaſe, as more polite:
Not that materials now in gold are wrought,
And diſtant ſhores for orient pearls are ſought;
Nor for that hills exhauſt their marble veins,
And ſtructures riſe whoſe bulk the ſea reſtrains;
But that the world is civiliz'd of late,
And poliſh'd from the ruſt of former date.
Let not the nymph with pendants load her ear,
Nor in embroid'ry or brocade appear;
Too rich a dreſs may ſometimes check deſire,
And cleanlineſs more animate love's fire.
The hair diſpos'd may gain or loſe a grace,
And much become, or miſbecome the face.
What ſuits your features of your glaſs inquire,
For no one rule is fix'd for head-attire.

A face too long ſhould part and ſlat the hair,
Leſt upward comb'd the length too much appear:
So Laodamia dreſs'd. A face too round
Should ſhow the ears, and with a tour be crown'd.
On either ſhoulder one her locks diſplays,
Adorn'd like Phœbus when he ſings his lays:
Another all her treſſes ties behind:
So dreſs'd, Diana hunts the fearful hind.
Diſhevell'd locks moſt graceful are to ſome,
Others the binding fillets more become.
Some plait, like ſpiral ſhells, their braided hair,
Others the looſe and waving curl prefer.
But to recount the ſev'ral Dreſſes worn,
Which artfully each ſev'ral face adorn,
Were endleſs, as to tell the leaves on trees,
The beaſts on Alpine hills, or Hybla's bees.
Many there are who ſeem to ſlight all care,
And with a pleaſant negligence enſnare;
Whole mornings oft' in ſuch a dreſs are ſpent,
And all is art that looks like accident.
With ſuch diſorder Iöle was grac'd
When great Alcides firſt the nymph embrac'd:
So Ariadne came to Bacchus' bed,
When with the conqueror from Crete ſhe fled.
Nature, indulgent to the ſex, repays
The loſſes they ſuſtain by various ways.
Men ill ſupply thoſe hairs they ſhed in age,
Loſt like autumnal leaves when north winds rage.

Women with juice of herbs gray locks disguise,
And Art gives colour which with Nature vies.
The well-wove tours they wear their own are thought,
But only are their own as what they've bought:
Nor need they blush to buy heads ready drest,
And chuse at publick shops what suits 'em best.
Costly apparel let the fair one fly,
Enrich'd with gold, or with the Tyrian dye.
What folly must in such expense appear,
When more becoming colours are less dear?
One with a dye is ting'd of lovely blue,
Such as, thro' air serene, the sky we view;
With yellow lustre see another spread,
As if the Golden Fleece compos'd the thread.
Some of the seagreen wave the cast display;
With this the Naiads their bright forms array:
And some the saffron hue will well adorn;
Such is the mantle of the blushing Morn.
Of myrtle berries one the tincture shows:
In this of amethysts the purple glows,
And that more imitates the paler rose.
Nor Thracian cranes forget, whose silv'ry plumes
Give patterns which employ the mimick looms:
Nor almond nor the chesnut dye disclaim,
Nor others which from wax derive their name.
As fields you find with various flow'rs o'erspread
When vineyards bud, and winter's frost is fled,
So various are the colours you may try,
Of which the thirsty wool imbibes the dye.

Try every one, what beſt becomes you wear,
For no complexion all alike can bear.
If fair the ſkin, black may become it beſt;
In black the lovely fair Briſeis dreſt:
If brown the nymph, let her be cloth'd in white;
Andromeda ſo charm'd the wond'ring ſight.
I need not warn you of two pow'rful ſmells,
Which ſometimes health or kindly heat expels;
Nor from your tender legs to pluck with care
The caſual growth of all unſeemly hair.
Tho' not to nymphs of Caucaſus I ſing,
Nor ſuch who taſte remote the Myſian ſpring,
Yet let me warn you that thro' no neglect
You let your teeth diſcloſe the leaſt defect.
You know the uſe of white to make you fair,
And how with red loſt colour to repair;
Imperfect eyebrows you by art can mend,
And ſkin, when wanting, o'er a ſcar extend.
Nor need the fair one be aſham'd who tries
By art to add new luſtre to her eyes.
A little book I've made, but with great care,
How to preſerve the face, and how repair;
In that the nymphs by time or chance annoy'd,
May ſee what pains to pleaſe 'em I've employ'd:
But ſtill beware that from your lover's eye
You keep conceal'd the med'cines you apply:
Tho' art aſſiſts, yet muſt that art be hid,
Leſt whom it would invite it ſhould forbid.

Who would not take offence to ſee a face
All daub'd and dripping with the melted greaſe?
And tho' your unguents bear th' Athenian name,
The wool's unſav'ry ſcent is ſtill the ſame.
Marrow of ſtags nor your pomatums try,
Nor clean your furry teeth, when men are by;
For many things when done afford delight,
Which yet while doing may offend the ſight.
Ev'n Myro's ſtatues, which for art ſurpaſs
All others, once were but a ſhapeleſs maſs.
Rude was that gold which now in rings is worn,
As once the robe you wear was wool unſhorn.
Think how that ſtone rough in the quarry grew,
Which now a perfect Venus ſhows to view.
While we ſuppoſe you ſleep repair your face,
Lock'd from obſervers in ſome ſecret place.
Add the laſt hand before yourſelves you ſhow;
Your need of art why ſhould your lover know?
For many things when moſt conceal'd are beſt,
And few of ſtrict inquiry bear the reſt.
Thoſe figures which in theatres are ſeen
Gilded without, are common wood within;
But no ſpectators are allow'd to pry
Till all is finiſh'd which allures the eye.
  Yet I muſt own it oft' affords delight
To have the fair one comb her hair in ſight;
To view the flowing honours of her head
Fall on her neck, and o'er her ſhoulders ſpread.

But let her look that ſhe with care avoid
All fretful humours while ſhe's ſo employ'd;
Let her not ſtill undo, with peeviſh haſte,
All that her woman does, who does her beſt.
I hate a vixen that her maid aſſails,
And ſcratches with her bodkin or her nails,
While the poor girl in blood and tears muſt mourn,
And her heart curſes what her hands adorn.
Let her who has no hair, or has but ſome,
Plant centinels before her dreſſingroom,
Or in the fane of the good goddeſs dreſs,
Where all the male-kind are debarr'd acceſs.
'Tis ſaid that I (but 'tis a tale devis'd)
A lady at her toilet once ſurpris'd,
Who ſtarting, ſnatch'd in haſte the tour ſhe wore,
And in her hurry plac'd the hinder part before.
But on our foes fall ev'ry ſuch diſgrace,
Or barb'rous beauties of the Parthian race.
Ungraceful 'tis to ſee without a horn
The lofty hart, whom branches beſt adorn,
A leafleſs tree, or an unverdant mead,
And as ungraceful is a hairleſs head.
But think not theſe inſtructions are deſign'd
For firſt-rate beauties of the finiſh'd kind;
Not to a Semele or Leda bright,
Nor an Europa, theſe my rules I write;
Nor the fair Helen do I teach, whoſe charms
Stirr'd up Atrides and all Greece to arms:

Thee to regain well was that war begun,
And Paris well defended what he won:
What lover and what huſband would not fight
In ſuch a cauſe, where both are in the right?
The crowd I teach, ſome homely and ſome fair,
But of the former ſort the larger ſhare.
The handſome leaſt require the help of Art,
Rich in themſelves, and pleas'd with Nature's part.
When calm the ſea, at eaſe the pilot lies,
But all his ſkill exerts when ſtorms ariſe.
Faults in your perſon or your face correct,
And few are ſeen that have not ſome defect.
The nymph too ſhort her ſeat ſhould ſeldom quit,
Leſt when ſhe ſtands ſhe may be thought to ſit;
And when extended on her couch ſhe lies,
Let length of petticoats conceal her ſize.
The lean of thick wrought ſtuffs her clothes ſhould chuſe,
And fuller made than what the plumper uſe.
If pale, let her the crimſon juice apply;
If ſwarthy, to the Pharian varniſh fly.
A leg too lank tight garters ſtill muſt wear;
Nor ſhould an ill-ſhap'd foot be ever bare.
Round ſhoulders bolſter'd will appear the leaſt;
And lacing ſtrait confines too full a breaſt.
Whoſe fingers are too fat and nails too coarſe,
Should always ſhun much geſture in diſcourſe.
And you whoſe breath is touch'd this caution take,
Nor faſting nor too near another ſpeak.

Let not the nymph with laughter much abound
Whoſe teeth are black, uneven, or unſound:
You hardly think how much on this depends,
And how a laugh or ſpoils a face or mends.
Gape not too wide, leſt you diſcloſe your gums,
And loſt the dimple which the cheek becomes;
Nor let your ſides too ſtrong concuſſions ſhake,
Leſt you the ſoftneſs of the ſex forſake.
In ſome diſtortions quite the face diſguiſe;
Another laughs, that you would think ſhe cries.
In one too hoarſe a voice we hear betray'd,
Another's is as harſh as if ſhe bray'd.
What cannot art attain! many, with eaſe,
Have learn'd to weep both when and how they pleaſe.
Others thro' affectation liſp, and find
In imperfection charms to catch mankind.
Neglect no means which may promote your ends;
Now learn what way of walking recommends.
Too maſculine a motion ſhocks the ſight,
But female grace allures with ſtrange delight.
One has an artful ſwing and jut behind,
Which helps her coats to catch the ſwelling wind;
Swell'd with the wanton wind they looſely flow,
And ev'ry ſtep and graceful motion ſhow.
Another, like an Umbrian's ſturdy ſpouſe,
Strides all the ſpace her petticoat allows.
Between extremes in this a mean adjuſt,
Nor ſhow too nice a gait, nor too robuſt.

If ſnowy-white your neck, you ſtill ſhould wear
That and the ſhoulder of the left arm bare:
Such ſights ne'er fail to fire my am'rous heart,
And make me pant to kiſs the naked part.
Sirens, tho' monſters of the ſtormy main,
Can ſhips when under ſail with ſongs detain;
Scarce could Ulyſſes by his friends be bound,
When firſt he liſten'd to the charming ſound.
Singing inſinuates: learn, all ye Maids!
Oft' when a face forbids a voice perſuades,
Whether on theatres loud ſtrains we hear,
Or in Ruelles ſome ſoft Egyptian air.
Well ſhall ſhe ſing of whom I make my choice,
And with her lute accompany her voice.
The rocks were ſtirr'd, the beaſts to liſten ſtaid,
When on his lyre melodious Orpheus play'd;
Even Cerberus and hell that ſound obey'd;
And ſtones officious were thy walls to raiſe,
O Thebes! attracted by Amphion's lays:
The dolphin, dumb itſelf, thy voice admir'd,
And was, Arion! by thy ſongs inſpir'd.
Of ſweet Callimachus the works rehearſe,
And read Philetas' and Anacreon's verſe.
Terentian plays may much the mind improve,
But ſofteſt Sappho beſt inſtructs to love.
Propertius, Gallus, and Tibullus, read,
And let Narronian verſe to theſe ſucceed:

Then mighty Maro's work with care perufe,
Of all the Latian bards the nobleft Mufe:
Even I, 'tis poffible, in after-days,
May 'fcape oblivion, and be nam'd with thefe:
My labour'd lines fome readers may approve,
Since I've inftructed either fex in love.
Whatever book you read of this foft art,
Read with a lover's voice and lover's heart.
Tender Epiftles, too, by me are fram'd,
A work before unthought-of and unnam'd.
Such was your facred will, O tuneful Nine!
Such thine, Apollo! and Lyæus! thine.
Still unaccomplifh'd may the maid be thought,
Who gracefully to dance was never taught;
That active dancing may to love engage,
Witnefs the well-kept dancers of the ftage.
Of fome odd trifles I'm afham'd to tell,
Tho' it becomes the fex to trifle well;
To raffle prettily, or flur a dye,
Implies both cunning and dexterity.
Nor is't amifs at chefs to be expert,
For games moft thoughtful fometimes moft divert.
Learn ev'ry game, you'll find it prove of ufe;
Parties begun at play may love produce.
But eafier 'tis to learn how bets to lay,
Than how to keep your temper while you play:
Unguarded then, each breaft is open laid,
And while the head's intent, the heart's betray'd.

Then base desire of gain, then rage, appears,
Quarrels and brawls arise, and anxious fears;
Then clamours and revilings reach the sky,
While losing gamesters all the gods defy.
Then horrid oaths are utter'd ev'ry cast;
They grieve, and curse, and storm, nay weep, at last.
Good Jove avert such shameful faults as these
From ev'ry nymph whose heart's inclin'd to please!
Soft recreations fit the female kind.
Nature for men has rougher sports design'd;
To wield the sword, and hurl the pointed spear,
To stop or turn the steed in full career.
Tho' martial fields ill suit your tender frames,
Nor may you swim in Tiber's rapid streams,
Yet when Sol's burning wheels from Leo drive,
And at the glowing Virgin's sign arrive,
'Tis both allow'd and fit you should repair
To pleasant walks, and breathe refreshing air.
To Pompey's Gardens, or the shady groves
Which Cæsar honours, and which Phœbus loves;
Phœbus, who sunk the proud Egyptian fleet,
And made Augustus' victory complete:
Or seek those shades where monuments of fame
Are rais'd to Livia's and Octavia's name;
Or where Agrippa first adorn'd the ground,
When he with naval victory was crown'd.
To Isis' fane, to theatres, resort,
And in the Circus see the noble sport:

In ev'ry publick place by turns be ſhown;
In vain you're fair while you remain unknown.
Should you in ſinging Thamyras tranſcend,
Your voice unheard, who could your ſkill commend?
Had not Appelles drawn the ſeaborn queen,
Her beauties ſtill beneath the waves had been.
  Poets inſpir'd write only for a name,
And think their labours well repaid with fame.
  In former days I own the poets were
Of gods and kings the moſt peculiar care;
Majeſtick awe was in the name allow'd,
And they with rich poſſeſſions were endow'd.
Ennius with honours was by Scipio grac'd,
And next his own the poet's ſtatue plac'd:
But now their ivy crowns bear no eſteem,
And all their learning's thought an idle dream.
Still there's a pleaſure that proceeds from praiſe.
What could the high renown of Homer raiſe,
But that he ſung his Iliad's deathleſs lays?
  Who could have been of Danae's charms aſſur'd,
Had ſhe grown old within her tow'r immur'd?
This as a rule let ev'ry nymph purſue,
That 'tis her int'reſt oft' to come in view.
  A hungry wolf at all the herd will run,
In hopes thro' many to make ſure of one:
So let the fair the gazing crowd aſſail,
That over one at leaſt ſhe may prevail.

In ev'ry place to please be all her thought;
Where sometimes least we think the fish is caught:
Sometimes all day we hunt the tedious soil,
Anon the stag himself shall seek the toil.
How could Andromeda once doubt relief,
Whose charms were heighten'd and adorn'd by grief?
The widow'd fair who sees her lord expire,
While yet she weeps may kindle new desire,
And Hymen's torch relight with fun'ral fire.
Beware of men who are too sprucely dress'd,
And look you fly with speed a fop profess'd:
Such tools to you, and to a thousand more,
Will tell the same dull story o'er and o'er.
This way and that unsteadily they move,
And, never fix'd, are fugitives in love.
Such flutt'ring things all women sure should hate,
Light as themselves, and more effeminate.
Believe me; all I say is for your good;
Had Priam been believ'd, Troy still had stood.
Many with base designs will passion feign,
Who know no love but sordid love of gain;
But let not powder'd heads nor essenc'd hair
Your well-believing easy hearts insnare.
Rich clothes are oft' by common sharpers worn,
And diamond rings felonious hands adorn:
So may your lover burn with fierce desire
Your jewels to enjoy and best attire.
Poor Cloe robb'd, runs crying thro' the streets,
And as she runs, "Give me my own," repeats.

How often, Venus! haſt thou heard ſuch cries,
And laugh'd amidſt thy Appian votaries?
Some ſo notorious are, their very name
Muſt ev'ry nymph whom they frequent defame.
Be warn'd by ills which others have deſtroy'd,
And faithleſs men with conſtant care avoid;
Truſt not a Theſeus, fair Athenian maid!
Who has ſo oft' th' atteſting gods betray'd;
And thou, Demophoon! heir to Theſeus' crimes,
Haſt loſt thy credit to all future times.
  Promiſe for promiſe equally afford,
But once a contract made keep well your word;
For ſhe for any act of hell is fit,
And, undiſmay'd, may ſacrilege commit,
With impious hands could quench the veſtal fire,
Poiſon her huſband, in her arms, for hire;
Who firſt to take a lover's gift complies,
And then defrauds him, and his claim denies.
  But hold, my Muſe! check thy unruly horſe,
And more in ſight purſue th' intended courſe.
  If love epiſtles tender lines impart,
And billet-doux are ſent to ſound your heart,
Let all ſuch letters by a faithful maid
Or confidant be ſecretly convey'd:
Soon from the words you'll judge, if read with care,
When feign'd a paſſion is, and when ſincere.
Ere in return you write, ſome time require;
Delays, if not too long, increaſe deſire:

Nor let the preſſing youth with eaſe obtain,
Nor yet refuſe him with too rude diſdain.
Now let his hopes, now let his fears, increaſe,
But by degrees let fear to hope give place.
 Be ſure avoid ſet phraſes when you write;
The uſual way of ſpeech is more polite.
How have I ſeen the puzzled lover vex'd
To read a letter with hard words perplex'd!
A ſtyle too coarſe takes from a handſome face,
And makes us wiſh an uglier in its place.
 But ſince (tho' chaſtity be not your care)
You from your huſband ſtill would hide th' affair,
Write to no ſtranger till his truth be try'd,
Nor in a fooliſh meſſenger confide.
What agonies that woman undergoes
Whoſe head the traitor threatens to expoſe;
Who, raſhly truſting, dreads to be deceiv'd,
And lives for ever to that dread enſlav'd!
Such treachery can never be ſurpaſt,
For thoſe diſcov'ries ſure as lightning blaſt.
Might I adviſe, fraud ſhould with fraud be paid;
Let arms repel all who with arms invade
 But ſince your letters may be brought to light,
What if in ſev'ral hands you learn'd to write?
My curſe on him who firſt the ſex betray'd,
And this advice ſo neceſſary made.
Nor let your pocketbook two hands contain;
Firſt rub your lover's out, then write again.

Still one contrivance more remains behind,
Which you may uſe as a convenient blind;
As if to women writ, your letters frame,
And let your friend to you ſubſcribe a female name.
Now greater things to tell, my Muſe! prepare,
And clap on all the ſail the bark can bear.
Let no rude paſſions in your looks find place,
For fury will deform the fineſt face;
It ſwells the lips, and blackens all the veins,
While in the eye a Gorgon horrour reigns.
When on her flute divine Minerva play'd,
And in a fountain ſaw the change it made,
Swelling her cheek, ſhe flung it quick aſide,
"Nor is thy muſick ſo much worth," ſhe cry'd.
Look in your glaſs when you with anger glow,
And you'll confeſs you ſcarce yourſelves can know:
Nor with exceſſive pride inſult the ſight,
For gentle looks alone to love invite.
Believe it as a truth that's daily try'd,
There's nothing more deteſtable than pride.
How have I ſeen ſome airs diſguſt create,
Like things which by antipathy we hate!
Let looks with looks, and ſmiles with ſmiles, be paid,
And when your lover bows incline your head:
So love preluding, plays at firſt with hearts,
And after wounds with deeper piercing darts.
Nor me a melancholy miſtreſs charms;
Let ſad Tecmeſſa weep in Ajax' arms:

Let mourning beauties fallen heroes move;
We cheerful men like gaiety in love.
Let Hector in Andromache delight,
Who in bewailing Troy waſtes all the night:
Had they not both born children (to be plain)
I ne'er could think they 'd with their huſbands lain.
I no idea in my mind can frame
That either one or t'other doleful dame
Could toy, could fondle, or could call their lords
My Life! my Soul! or ſpeak endearing words.
Why from compariſons ſhould I refrain,
Or fear ſmall things by greater to explain?
Obſerve what conduct prudent gen'rals uſe,
And how their ſev'ral officers they chuſe:
To one a charge of infantry commit,
Another for the horſe is thought more fit.
So you your ſev'ral lovers ſhould ſelect,
And as you find 'em qualify'd direct.
The wealthy lover ſtore of gold ſhould ſend,
The lawyer ſhould in courts your cauſe defend:
We who write verſe with verſe alone ſhould bribe;
Moſt apt to love is all the tuneful tribe:
By us your fame ſhall thro' the world be blaz'd;
So Nemeſis, ſo Cynthia's name was rais'd.
From eaſt to weſt Lycoris' praiſes ring,
Nor are Corinna's ſilent whom we ſing.
No fraud the poet's ſacred breaſt can bear;
Mild are his manners, and his heart ſincere.

Nor wealth he seeks, nor feels ambition's fires,
But shuns the bar, and books and shades requires.
Too faithfully, alas! we know to love,
With ease we fix, but we with pain remove;
Our softer studies with our souls combine,
And both to tenderness our hearts incline.
Be gentle, Virgins! to the poet's pray'r;
The god that fills him, and the Muse, revere;
Something divine is in us, and from heav'n
Th' inspiring spirit can alone be giv'n.
'Tis sin a price from poets to exact;
But 'tis a sin no woman fears to act:
Yet hide, howe'er, your avarice from sight,
Lest you too soon your new admirer fright.
As skilful riders rein with diff'rent force
A new-back'd courser and a well-train'd horse,
Do you by diff'rent management engage
The man in years and youth of greener age.
This, while the wiles of love are yet unknown,
Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone;
With kind caresses oft' indulge the boy,
And all the harvest of his heat enjoy.
Alone, thus bless'd, of rivals most beware;
"Nor love nor empire can a rival bear."
Men more discreetly love when more mature,
And many things which youth disdains endure;
No windows break, nor houses set on fire,
Nor tear their own or mistresses' attire.

In youth the boiling blood gives fury vent;
But men in years more calmly wrongs reſent:
As wood when green, or as a torch when wet,
They ſlowly burn, but long retain their heat.
More bright is youthful flame, but ſooner dies;
Then ſwiftly ſeize the joy that ſwiftly flies.

Thus all betraying to the beauteous foe,
How ſurely to enſlave ourſelves we ſhow.
To truſt a traitor you 'll no ſcruple make,
Who is a traitor only for your ſake.

Who yields too ſoon will ſoon her lover loſe;
Would you retain him long, then long refuſe:
Oft' at your door make him for entrance wait,
There let him lie, and threaten, and entreat.
When cloy'd with ſweets, bitters the taſte reſtore
Ships by fair winds are ſometimes run aſhore.
Hence ſprings the coldneſs of a marry'd life,
The huſband when he pleaſes has his wife.
Bar but your gate, and let your porter cry,
"Here's no admittance, Sir; I muſt deny;"
The very huſband, ſo repuls'd, will find
A growing inclination to be kind.

Thus far with foils you've fought; thoſe laid
I now ſharp weapons for the ſex provide, [aſide.
Nor doubt againſt myſelf to ſee 'em try'd.

When firſt a lover you deſign to charm,
Beware leſt jealouſies his ſoul alarm;
Make him believe, with all the ſkill you can,
That he, and only he's the happy man.

Anon by due degrees ſmall doubts create,
And let him fear ſome rival's better fate:
Such little arts make love its vigour hold,
Which elſe would languiſh, and too ſoon grow old.
Then ſtrains the courſer to outſtrip the wind,
When one before him runs, and one he hears behind.
Love, when extinct, ſuſpicions may revive:
I own when mine 's ſecure 't is ſcarce alive:
Yet one precaution to this rule belongs,
Let us at moſt ſuſpect, not prove, our wrongs.
Sometimes, your lover to incite the more,
Pretend your huſband's ſpies beſet the door:
Tho' free as Thais, ſtill affect a fright;
For ſeeming danger heightens the delight.
Oft' let the youth in thro' your window ſteal,
Tho' he might enter at the door as well;
And ſometimes let your maid ſurpriſe pretend,
And beg you in ſome hole to hide your friend.
Yet ever and anon diſpel his fear,
And let him taſte of happineſs ſincere;
Leſt, quite diſhearten'd with too much fatigue,
He ſhould grow weary of the dull intrigue.
But I forget to tell how you may try
Both to evade the huſband and the ſpy.
That wives ſhould of their huſbands ſtand in awe,
Agrees with juſtice, modeſty, and law;
But that a miſtreſs may be lawful prize,
None but her keeper I am ſure denies.

For such fair nymphs these Precepts are design'd,
Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing mi
Tho' stuck with Argus' eyes your keeper wer
Advis'd by me you shall elude his care.
When you to wash or bathe retire from sig
Can he observe what letters then you write?
Or can his caution against such provide,
Which in her breast your confidant may hide
Can he the note beneath her garter view,
Or that which, more conceal'd, is in her shoe
Yet these perceiv'd, you may her back undre
And writing on her skin your mind express
New milk, or pointed spires of flax, when gre
Will ink supply, and letters mark unseen;
Fair will the paper show, nor can be read
Till all the writing 's with warm ashes sprea
Acrisius was with all his care betray'd,
And in his tow'r of brass a grandsire made.
Can spies avail when you to plays resort,
Or in the Circus view the noble sport?
Or can you be to Isis' fane pursu'd,
Or Cybelle's, whose rites all men exclude?
Tho' watchful servants to the bagnio come,
They're ne'er admitted to the bathing-room
Or when some sudden sickness you pretend,
May you not take to your sickbed a friend?
False keys a private passage may procure,
If not, there are more ways besides the door.

Sometimes with wine your watchful foll'wer treat;
When drunk you may with eaſe his care defeat;
Or, to prevent too ſudden a ſurpriſe,
Prepare a ſleeping draught to ſeal his eyes:
Or let your maid, ſtill longer time to gain,
An inclination for his perſon feign;
With faint reſiſtance let her drill him on,
And after competent delays be won.
  But what need all theſe various doubtful wiles,
Since gold the greateſt vigilance beguiles?
Believe me, men and gods with gifts are pleas'd;
Ev'n angry Jove with off'rings is appeas'd.
With preſents fools and wiſe alike are caught;
Give but enough, the huſband may be bought.
But let me warn you, when you bribe a ſpy,
That you for ever his connivance buy;
Pay him his price at once, for with ſuch men
You'll know no end of giving now and then.
  Once I remember, I with cauſe complain'd
Of jealouſy, occaſion'd by a friend.
Believe me, apprehenſions of that kind
Are not alone to our falſe ſex confin'd.
Truſt not too far your ſhe-companion's truth,
Leſt ſhe ſometimes ſhould intercept the youth:
The very confidant that lends the bed
May entertain your lover in your ſtead:
Nor keep a ſervant with too fair a face,
For ſuch I've known ſupply her lady's place.

But whether do I run with heedless rage,
Teaching the foe unequal war to wage?
Did ever bird the fowler's net prepare?
Was ever hound instructed by the hare?
But all self-ends and int'rest set apart,
I'll faithfully proceed to teach my art;
Defenceless and unarm'd expose my life,
And for the Lemnian ladies whet the knife.

Perpetual fondness of your lover feign,
Nor will you find it hard belief to gain;
Full of himself, he your design will aid;
To what we wish 't is easy to persuade.
With dying eyes his face and form survey,
Then sigh, and wonder he so long could stay:
Now drop a tear your sorrows to assuage,
Anon reproach him, and pretend to rage.
Such proofs as these will all distrust remove,
And make him pity your excessive love:
Scarce to himself will he forbear to cry,
"How can I let this poor fond creature die!"
But chiefly one such fond behaviour fires,
Who courts his glass, and his own charms admires;
Proud of the homage to his merit done,
He'll think a goddess might with ease be won.

Light wrongs, be sure, you still with mildness bear,
Nor straight fly out when you a rival fear:
Let not your passions o'er your sense prevail,
Nor credit lightly ev'ry idle tale:

Let Procris' fate a ſad example be
Of what effects attend credulity.
Near where his purple head Hymettus ſhows,
And flow'ring hills, a ſacred fountain flows,
With ſoft and verdant turf the ſoil is ſpread,
And ſweetly-ſmelling ſhrubs the ground o'erſhade:
There roſemary and bays their odours join,
And with the fragrant myrtle's ſcent combine:
There tamariſks with thick-leav'd box are found,
And cytiſus and garden pines abound,
While thro' the boughs ſoft winds of zephyr paſs,
Tremble the leaves, and tender tops of graſs:
Hither would Cephalus retreat to reſt,
When tir'd with hunting, or with heat oppreſt,
And thus to Air the panting youth would pray,
"Come, gentle Aura! come, this heat allay."
But ſome talebearing too officious friend,
By chance o'erheard him as he thus complain'd,
Who with the news to Procris quick repair'd,
Repeating word for word what ſhe had heard.
Soon as the name of Aura reach'd her ears,
With jealouſy ſurpris'd and fainting fears,
Her roſy colour fled her lovely face,
And agonies, like death, ſupply'd the place;
Pale ſhe appear'd as are the falling leaves,
When firſt the vine the winter's blaſt receives;
Of ripen'd quinces ſuch the yellow hue,
Or when unripe we cornel-berries view.

Reviving from her ſwoon, her robes ſhe tore,
Nor her own faultleſs face to wound forbore.
Now all diſhevell'd to the wood ſhe flies,
With Bacchanalian fury in her eyes:
Thither arriv'd, ſhe leaves below her friends,
And all alone the ſhady hill aſcends.
What folly, Procris! o'er thy mind prevail'd?
What rage, thus fatally to lie conceal'd?
Whoe'er this Aura be (ſuch was thy thought)
She now ſhall in the very fact be caught.
Anon thy heart repents its raſh deſigns,
And now to go and now to ſtay inclines:
Thus love with doubts perplexes ſtill thy mind,
And makes thee ſeek what thou muſt dread to find:
But ſtill thy rival's name rings in thy ears,
And more ſuſpicious ſtill the place appears;
But more than all exceſſive love deceives,
Which all it fears too eaſily believes.
And now a chilneſs run thro' ev'ry vein,
Soon as ſhe ſaw where Cephalus had lain.
'Twas noon, when he again retir'd to ſhun
The ſcorching ardour of the midday ſun;
With water firſt he ſprinkled o'er his face,
Which glow'd with heat, then ſought his uſual place.
Procris, with anxious, but with ſilent care,
View'd him extended, with his boſom bare,
And heard him ſoon th' accuſtom'd words repeat,
"Come, Zephyr! Aura! come, allay this heat."

Soon as ſhe found her errour from the word,
Her colour and her temper were reſtor'd:
With joy ſhe roſe to claſp him in her arms,
But Cephalus the ruſtling noiſe alarms;
Some beaſt, he thinks, he in the buſhes hears,
And ſtraight his arrows and his bow prepares.
Hold! hold! unhappy youth!—I call in vain;
With thy own hand thou haſt thy Procris ſlain.
" Me, me," ſhe cries, " thou'ſt wounded with thy dart!
" But Cephalus was wont to wound this heart:
" Yet lighter on my aſhes earth will lie,
" Since, tho' untimely, I unrivall'd die.
" Come, cloſe with thy dear hand my eyes in death,
" Jealous of Air, to Air I yield my breath."
Cloſe to his heavy heart her cheek he laid,
And waſh'd with ſtreaming tears the wound he made;
At length the ſprings of life their currents leave,
And her laſt gaſp her huſband's lips receive.

Now to purſue our voyage we muſt provide,
Till ſafe to port our weary bark we guide.

You may expect, perhaps, I now ſhould teach
What rules to treats and entertainments reach.
Come not the firſt invited to a feaſt;
Rather come laſt, as a more grateful gueſt;
For that of which we fear to be depriv'd,
Meets with the ſureſt welcome when arriv'd.
Beſides, complexion of a coarſer kind
From candlelight no ſmall advantage find.

During the time you eat obſerve ſome grace,
Nor let your unwip'd hands beſmear your face;
Nor yet too ſqueamiſhly your meat avoid,
Leſt we ſuſpect you were in private cloy'd.
Of all extremes in either kind beware,
And ſtill before your belly's full forbear.
No glutton nymph, however fair, can wound,
Tho' more than Helen ſhe in charms abound.
I own I think of wine the mod'rate uſe
More ſuits the ſex, and ſooner finds excuſe;
It warms the blood, adds luſtre to the eyes,
And Wine and Love have always been allies:
But carefully from all intemp'rance keep,
Nor drink till you ſee double, liſp, or ſleep;
For in ſuch ſleeps brutalities are done,
Which tho' you loath you have no pow'r to ſhun.
And now th' inſtructed nymph, from table led,
Should next be taught how to behave in bed:
But modeſty forbids: nor more my Muſe
With weary wings the labour'd flight purſues:
Her purple ſwans unyok'd, the chariot leave,
And needful reſt (their journey done) receive.
Thus with impartial care my art I ſhow,
And equal arms on either ſex beſtow;
While men and maids, who by my rules improve,
Ovid muſt own their maſter is in love.

SATIRE XI. OF JUVENAL.

The Argument.

THE deſign of this Satire, is to expoſe and reprehend all manner of intemperance and debauchery, but more particularly that exorbitant luxury uſed by the Romans in their feaſting. The poet draws the occaſion from an invitation which he here makes to his friend to dine with him; very artfully preparing him, with what he was to expect from his treat, by beginning the Satire with a particular invective againſt the vanity and folly of ſome perſons who, having but mean fortunes in the world, attempted to live up to the height of men of great eſtates and quality. He ſhows us the miſerable end of ſuch ſpendthrifts and gluttons, with the manner and courſes which they took to bring themſelves to it; adviſing men to live within bounds, and to proportion their inclinations to the extent of their fortune. He gives his friend a bill of fare of the entertainment he has provided for him, and from thence he takes occaſion to reflect upon the temperance and frugality of the greateſt men in former ages, to which he oppoſes the riot and intemperance of the preſent; attributing to the latter a viſible remiſſneſs in the care of Heaven over the Roman ſtate. He inſtances ſome lewd practices at their feaſts, and by the bye touches the nobility, with making vice and debauchery conſiſt with their principal pleaſures. He concludes with a repeated invitation to his friend, adviſing him (in one particular ſomewhat freely) to a neglect of all cares and diſquiets for the preſent, and a moderate uſe of pleaſures for the future.

If noble Atticus make ſplendid feaſts,
And with expenſive food indulge his gueſts,
His wealth and quality ſupport the treat;
Nor is it luxury in him, but ſtate:
But when poor Rutilus ſpends all he 's worth,
In hopes of ſetting one good dinner forth,
'Tis downright madneſs; for what greater jeſts
Than begging gluttons, or than beggars' feaſts?

But Rutilus is now notorious grown,
And proves the common theme of all the town.
A man in his full tide of youthful blood,
Able for arms, and for his country's good,
Urg'd by no pow'r, restrain'd by no advice,
But following his own inglorious choice,
'Mongst common fencers practises the trade,
That end debasing for which arms were made;
Arms, which to man ne'er-dying fame afford,
But his disgrace is owing to his sword.
Many there are of the same wretched kind,
Whom their despairing creditors may find
Lurking in shambles, where with borrow'd coin
They buy choice meats, and in cheap plenty dine;
Such whose sole bliss is eating; who can give
But that one brutal reason why they live:
And yet, what's more ridiculous, of these
The poorest wretch is still most hard to please;
And he whose thin transparent rags declare
How much his tatter'd fortune wants repair,
Would ransack ev'ry element for choice
Of ev'ry fish and fowl at any price:
If brought from far it very dear has cost,
It has a flavour then which pleases most,
And he devours it with a greater gust.
In riot thus, while money lasts, he lives,
And that exhausted, still new pledges gives,
Till forc'd of mere necessity to eat,
He comes to pawn his dish to buy his meat.

Nothing of ſilver or of gold he ſpares,
Not what his mother's ſacred image bears;
The broken relick he with ſpeed devours,
As he would all the reſt of 's anceſtors
If wrought in gold, or if, expos'd to ſale,
They 'd pay the price of one luxurious meal.
Thus certain ruin treads upon his heels,
The ſtings of hunger ſoon, and want, he feels;
And thus is he reduc'd at length to ſerve
Fencers for miſerable ſcraps, or ſtarve.
Imagine now you ſee a plenteous feaſt,
The queſtion is, at whoſe expenſe 't is dreſt?
In great Ventidius we the bounty prize,
In Rutilus the vanity deſpiſe.
Strange ignorance! that the ſame man who knows
How far yond' mount above this molehill ſhows,
Should not perceive a difference as great
Between ſmall incomes and a vaſt eſtate!
From heav'n to mortals, ſure, that rule was ſent,
Of "Know thyſelf," and by ſome god was meant
To be our never-erring pilot here,
Thro' all the various courſes which we ſteer.
Therſites, tho' the moſt preſumpt'ous Greek,
Yet durſt not for Achilles' armour ſpeak,
When ſcarce Ulyſſes had a good pretence,
With all th' advantage of his eloquence.
Whoe'er attempts weak cauſes to ſupport,
Ought to be very ſure he 's able for 't,

And not miſtake ſtrong lungs and impudence
For harmony of words and force of ſenſe:
Fools only make attempts beyond their ſkill;
A wiſe man's pow'r 's the limit of his will.
If Fortune has a niggard been to thee,
Devote thyſelf to thrift, not luxury,
And wiſely make that kind of food thy choice
To which neceſſity confines thy price.
Well may they fear ſome miſerable end
Whom Gluttony and Want at once attend,
Whoſe large voracious throats have ſwallow'd all,
Both land and ſtock, int'reſt and principal:
Well may they fear, at length, vile Pollio's fate,
Who ſold his very ring to purchaſe meat;
And tho' a knight 'mongſt common ſlaves now ſtands,
Begging an alms with undiſtinguiſh'd hands.
Sure ſudden death to ſuch ſhould welcome be,
On whom each added year heaps miſery,
Scorn, poverty, reproach, and infamy.
But there are ſteps in villany which theſe
Obſerve to tread and follow by degrees.
Money they borrow, and from all that lend,
Which never meaning to reſtore, they ſpend;
But that and their ſmall ſtock of credit gone,
Leſt Rome ſhould grow too warm, from thence they run;
For of late years 't is no more ſcandal grown
For debt and roguery to quit the town,
Than in the midſt of Summer's ſcorching heat
From crowds, and noiſe, and bus'neſs, to retreat.

One only grief ſuch fugitives can find,
Reflecting on the pleaſures left behind,
The plays and looſe diverſions of the place,
But not one bluſh appears for the diſgrace.
Ne'er was of modeſty ſo great a dearth,
That, out of count'nance, Virtue 's fled from earth;
Baffled, expos'd to ridicule and ſcorn,
She 's with Aſtrea gone, not to return.
This day, my Perſicus, thou ſhalt perceive
Whether myſelf I keep thoſe rules I give,
Or elſe an unſuſpected glutton live:
If mod'rate fare and abſtinence I prize
In publick yet in private gormondize.
Evander's feaſt reviv'd to-day thou 'lt ſee;
The poor Evander I, and thou ſhalt be
Alcides and Æneas both to me.
Mean-time I ſend you now your bill of fare;
Be not ſurpris'd that 't is all homely cheer;
For nothing from the ſhambles I provide,
But from my own ſmall farm the tend'reſt kid,
And fatteſt of my flock, a ſuckling yet,
That ne'er had nouriſhment but from the teat:
No bitter willow-tops have been its food,
Scarce graſs; its veins have more of milk than blood.
Next that ſhall mountain 'ſparagus be laid,
Pull'd by ſome plain but cleanly countrymaid:
The largeſt eggs, yet warm within the neſt,
Together with the hens which laid 'em, dreſt;

Clusters of grapes preserv'd for half a-year,
Which plump and fresh as on the vines appear;
Apples of a ripe flavour, fresh and fair,
Mix'd with the Syrian and the Signian pear,
Mellow'd by winter from the cruder juice,
Light of digestion now, and fit for use.
Such food as this would have been heretofore
Accounted riot in a senator;
When the good Curius thought it no disgrace
With his own hands a few small herbs to dress,
And from his little garden cull'd a feast
Which fetter'd slaves would now disdain'd to taste:
For scarce a slave but has to dinner now
The well-dress'd paps of a fat pregnant sow.
But heretofore 't was thought a sumptuous treat
On birthdays, festivals, or days of state,
A salt dry flitch of bacon to prepare:
If they had fresh meat 't was delicious fare!
Which rarely happen'd: and 't was highly priz'd
If ought was left of what they sacrific'd.
To entertainments of this kind would come
The worthiest and the greatest men in Rome;
Nay, seldom any at such treats were seen
But those who had at least thrice Consul been,
Or the Dictator's office had discharg'd,
And now, from honourable toil enlarg'd,
Retir'd to husband and manure their land,
Humbling themselves to those they might command.

Then might y' have ſeen the good old gen'ral haſte,
Before th' appointed hour, to ſuch a feaſt,
His ſpade aloft, as 't were in triumph held,
Proud of the conqueſt of ſome ſtubborn field.
'Twas then, when pious Conſuls bore the ſway,
And Vice, diſcourag'd, pale and trembling lay;
Our Cenſors then were ſubject to the law,
Ev'n Pow'r itſelf of Juſtice ſtood in awe;
It was not then a Roman's anxious thought
Where largeſt tortoiſe-ſhells were to be bought;
Where pearls might of the greateſt price be had,
And ſhining jewels to adorn his bed,
That he at vaſt expenſe might loll his head.
Plain was his couch, and only rich his mind;
Contentedly he ſlept, as cheaply as he din'd.
The ſoldier then, in Grecian arts unſkill'd,
Returning rich with plunder from the field,
If cups of ſilver or of gold he brought,
With jewels ſet, and exquiſitely wrought,
To glorious trapping ſtraight the plate he turn'd,
And with the glitt'ring ſpoil his horſe adorn'd,
Or elſe a helmet for himſelf he made,
Where various warlike figures were inlaid;
The Roman Wolf ſuckling the Twins was there,
And Mars himſelf, arm'd with his ſhield and ſpear,
Hov'ring above his creſt did dreadful ſhow,
As threat'ning death to each reſiſting foe.

No uſe of ſilver but in arms was known;
Splendid they were in war, and there alone:
No ſideboards then with gilded plate were dreſs'd,
No ſweating ſlaves with maſſive diſhes preſs'd;
Expenſive riot was not underſtood,
But earthen platters held their homely food.
Who would not envy them that age of bliſs,
That ſees with ſhame the luxury of this?
Heav'n, unwearied then, did bleſſings pour,
And pitying Jove foretold each dang'rous hour;
Mankind were then familiar with the god;
He ſnuff'd their incenſe with a gracious nod,
And would have ſtill been bounteous as of old,
Had we not left him for that idol, Gold.
His golden ſtatues hence the god have driv'n,
For well he knows where our devotion's giv'n;
'Tis gold we worſhip, tho' we pray to Heav'n.
Woods of our own afforded tables then,
Tho' none can pleaſe us now but from Japan.
Invite my Lord to dine, and let him have
The niceſt diſh his appetite can crave,
But let it on an oaken board be ſet,
His Lordſhip will grow ſick, and cannot eat:
Something's amiſs, he knows not what to think;
Either your ven'ſon's rank or ointments ſtink.
Order ſome other table to be brought,
Something at great expence in India bought,

Beneath whose orb large yawning panthers lie,
Carv'd on rich pedestals of ivory,
He finds no more of that offensive smell;
The meat recovers, and my Lord grows well.
An iv'ry table is a certain whet:
You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
As if new vigour to his teeth were sent,
By sympathy from those o' th' elephant.
  But such fine feeders are no guests for me;
Riot agrees not with frugality:
Then that unfashionable man am I;
With me they'd starve for want of ivory,
For not one inch does my whole house afford,
Not in my very tables or chess-board;
Of bone the handles of my knives are made,
Yet no ill taste from thence affects the blade,
Or what I carve; nor is there ever left
Any unsav'ry haut-goût from the haft.
  A hearty welcome to plain wholesome meat
You'll find, but serv'd up in no formal state:
No sew'rs nor dext'rous carvers have I got,
Such as by skilful Trypherus are taught,
In whose fam'd schools the various forms appear
Of fishes, beasts, and all the fowls o' th' air,
And where, with blunted knives, his scholars learn
How to dissect, and the nice joints discern;
While all the neighb'rhood are with noise opprest,
From the harsh carving of his wooden feast.

On me attends a raw unſkilful lad,
On fragments fed, in homely garments clad,
At once my carver and my Ganymede;
With diligence he'll ſerve us while we dine,
And in plain beechen veſſels fill our wine.
No beauteous boys I keep, from Phrygia brought,
No catamites, by ſhameful panders taught;
Only to me two homebred youths belong,
Unſkill'd in any but their mother-tongue;
Alike in feature both, and garb, appear,
With honeſt faces, tho' with uncurl'd hair.
This day thou ſhalt my rural pages ſee,
For I have dreſt 'em both to wait on thee:
Of country ſwains they both were born, and one
My ploughman's is, t' other my ſhepherd's ſon;
A cheerful ſweetneſs in his looks he has,
And innocence unartful in his face;
Tho' ſometimes ſadneſs will o'ercaſt the joy,
And gentle ſighs break from the tender boy:
His abſence from his mother oft' he'll mourn,
And with his eyes look wiſhes to return,
Longing to ſee his tender kids again,
And feed his lambs upon the flow'ry plain:
A modeſt bluſh he wears, not form'd by art;
Free from deceit his face, and full as free his heart:
Such looks, ſuch baſhfulneſs, might well adorn
The cheeks of youths that are more nobly born;
But noblemen thoſe humble graces ſcorn.

This youth to-day ſhall my ſmall treat attend,
And only he with wine ſhall ſerve my friend,
With wine from his own country brought, and made
From the ſame vines beneath whoſe fruitful ſhade
He and his wanton kids have often play'd.
But you, perhaps, expect a modiſh feaſt,
With am'rous ſongs and wanton dances grac'd,
Where ſprightly females, to the middle bare,
Trip lightly o'er the ground, and friſk in air,
Whoſe pliant limbs in various poſtures move,
And twine and bound as in the rage of love:
Such ſights the languid nerves to action ſtir,
And jaded Luſt ſprings forward with this ſpur:
Virtue would ſhrink to hear this lewdneſs told,
Which huſbands now do with their wives behold;
A needful help to make 'em both approve
The dry embraces of long-wedded Love:
In nuptial cinders this revives the fire,
And turns their mutual loathing to deſire:
But ſhe who by her ſex's charter muſt
Have double pleaſure paid, feels double luſt;
Apace ſhe warms with an immoderate heat,
Strongly her boſom heaves and pulſes beat;
With glowing cheeks and trembling lips ſhe lies,
With arms expanded and with naked thighs,
Sucking in paſſion both at ears and eyes.

But this becomes not me nor my eſtate;
Theſe are the vicious follies of the great.
Let him who does on iv'ry tables dine,
Whoſe marble floors with drunken ſpawlings ſhine;
Let him laſcivious ſongs and dances have,
Which or to ſee or hear the lewdeſt ſlave,
The vileſt proſtitute in all the ſtews,
With baſhful indignation would refuſe.
But fortune there extenuates the crime;
What 's vice in me is only mirth in him:
The fruits which murder, cards, or dice, afford,
A veſtal raviſh'd, or a matron whor'd,
Are laudable diverſions in a lord.
But my poor entertainment is deſign'd
T' afford you pleaſures of another kind:
Yet with your taſte your hearing ſhall be fed,
And Homer's ſacred lines and Virgil's read,
Either of whom does all mankind excel,
Tho' which exceeds the other none can tell.
It matters not with what ill tone they 're ſung;
Verſe ſo ſublimely good no voice can wrong.
Now then be all thy weighty cares away,
Thy jealouſies and fears, and while you may
To peace and ſoft repoſe give all the day.
From thoughts of debt or any worldly ill
Be free; be all uneaſy paſſions ſtill.
What tho' thy wife do with the morning light
(When thou in vain haſt toil'd and drudg'd all night)

Steal from thy bed and houſe, abroad to roam,
And having quench'd her flame come breathleſs home,
Fleck'd in her face, and with diſorder'd hair,
Her garments ruffled, and her boſom bare;
With ears ſtill tingling, and her eyes on fire,
Half drown'd in ſin, ſtill burning in deſire,
Whilſt you are forc'd to wink, and ſeem content,
Swelling with paſſion which you dare not vent;
Nay, if you would be free from night alarms,
You muſt ſeem fond and doting on her charms,
Take her (the laſt of twenty) to your arms.
Let this and ev'ry other anxious thought,
At th' entrance of my threſhold be forgot;
All thy domeſtick griefs at home be left,
The wife's adult'ry with the ſervants' theft,
And (the moſt racking thought which can intrude)
Forget falſe friends and their ingratitude.
Let us our peaceful mirth at home begin,
While Megalenſian ſhows are in the Circus ſeen:
There (to the bane of horſes) in high ſtate
The Prætor ſits on a triumphal ſeat,
Vainly with enſigns and with robes adorn'd,
As if with conqueſt from the wars return'd.
This day all Rome, (if I may be allow'd,
Without offence to ſuch a num'rous crowd,
To ſay all Rome) will in the Circus ſweat;
Echoes already do their ſhouts repeat:
Methinks I hear the cry—" Away, away!
" The green have won the honour of the day."

Oh ! ſhould theſe ſports be but one year forborne,
Rome would in tears her lov'd diverſion mourn ;
For that would now a cauſe of ſorrow yield,
Great as the loſs of Cannæ's fatal field.
Such ſhows as theſe were not for us deſign'd,
But vig'rous youth to active ſports inclin'd.
On beds of roſes laid, let us repoſe,
While round our heads refreſhing ointment flows ;
Our aged limbs we 'll baſk in Phœbus' rays,
And live this day devoted to our eaſe.
Early to-day we 'll to the bath repair,
Nor need we now the common cenſure fear ;
On feſtivals it is allow'd no crime
To bathe and eat before the uſual time ;
But that continu'd would a loathing give,
Nor could you thus a week together live,
For frequent uſe would the delight exclude ;
Pleaſure 's a toil when conſtantly purſu'd.

PARAPHRASE

UPON

HORACE, LIB. I. ODE XIX.

Mater sæva Cupidinum, &c.

I.

THE tyrant Queen of ſoft deſires,
With the reſiſtleſs aid of ſprightly wine
And wanton eaſe, conſpires
To make my heart its peace reſign,
And readmit Love's long rejected fires.
For beauteous Glycera I burn,
The flames ſo long repell'd with double force return:
Matchleſs her face appears, and ſhines more bright
Than poliſh'd marble when reflecting light;
Her very coyneſs warms,
And with a grateful ſullenneſs ſhe charms;
Each look darts forth a thouſand rays,
Whoſe luſtre an unwary ſight betrays:
My eyeballs ſwim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

II.

She comes! ſhe comes! ſhe ruſhes in my veins;
At once all Venus enters, and at large ſhe reigns;
Cyprus no more with her abode is bleſt;
I am her palace, and her throne my breaſt.
Of ſavage Scythian arms no more I write,
Or Parthian archers, who in flying fight,

And make rough war their ſport;
Such idle themes no more can move,
Nor any thing but what 's of high import;
And what 's of high import but love?
Vervain and gums, and the green turf, prepare;
With wine of two years old your cups be fill'd:
After our ſacrifice and prayer
The goddeſs may incline her heart to yield.

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THE END.